

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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to the late King George VI

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If a dealer offers you a watch with a longer guarantee, remember the length of a guarantee does not prove the quality of the watch.

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*Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard*

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND



*THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD*

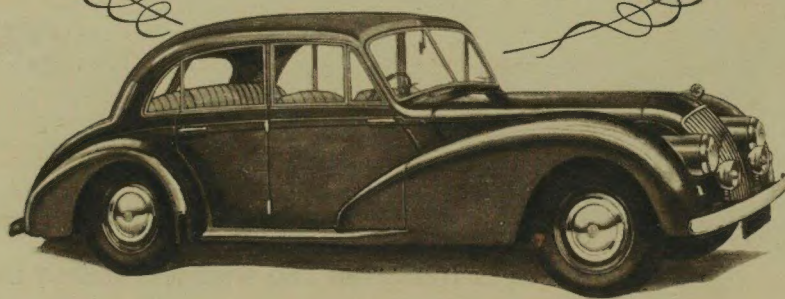


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or glide up the hill
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cornering at speed
- . . . the pride in ownership of a coachbuilt car  
in true British tradition,  
wherever you go,

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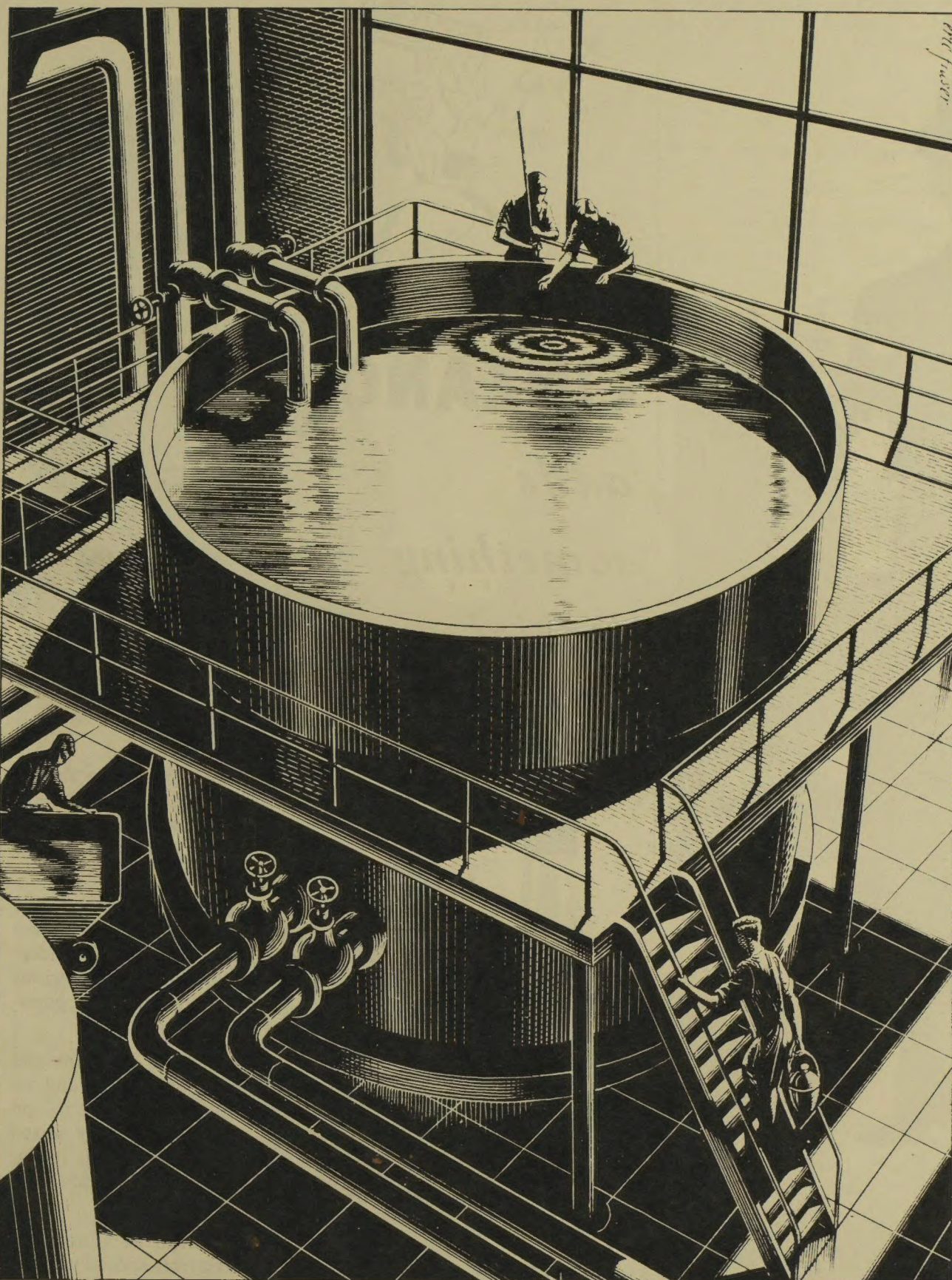
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# The proud customer★



"OUR CUSTOMER is rather proud of this exploit." These words were written to us at Rolex by a firm of Manchester jewellers, and they referred to a story brought to them by one of their customers, which concerned his watch, a Rolex Oyster.

He was employed by a well-known firm of engineers, and one day he was working by a large tank, ten feet deep, which was full of an emulsion of water, oil and various alkalis. Not a pleasant mixture. And even more unpleasant when you drop a precious Rolex Oyster into it.

It was on the 23rd of August that the watch fell into the tank. It could not be retrieved until October 16th—a period of roughly eight weeks. And during that time, the tank was frequently heated to a temperature of 150 degrees.

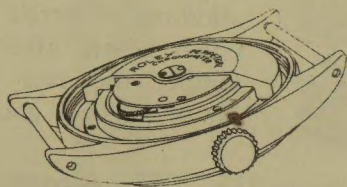
But when they finally brought it out, the watch had suffered little damage. A few minutes cleaning, and the eight-week immersion in chemicals, the heating, and the fall, might never have happened. "Our customer is rather proud of this exploit." Well, and so are we.

For when you consider the extreme refinement of the Rolex movement—made to tick 432,000 times a day, lubricated with drops of oil measured to infinite fractions of a gramme—you can realize how well the Rolex craftsmen work. Not only the men of today, who made that watch, but the men who designed that Oyster case. So fine a movement demanded a fine protection; in the Oyster case it finds that protection.

And even if your watch leads a watch's normal life; even if it will never be in danger of having an adventure like that, the Oyster is still meant for you. Those insidious enemies, dust, water, perspiration, attack all watches but they won't get far with a Rolex Oyster.

★ This is a true story, written by Messrs. W. Batty and Sons, of Manchester, England, on behalf of their customer Mr. Bayes, of Didsbury, Manchester. A photostat of the original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

"... a large tank, ten feet deep, filled with an emulsion of water, oil and various alkalis..."



This smooth-running, silent self-winding "rotor" keeps the Rolex Oyster Perpetual fully wound automatically.

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A Rolex Oyster—the waterproof watch both for people who swim and people who don't. For the Oyster case is meant to protect that perfect movement, not only against water, but against the more insidious enemies of damp and dust. How well it does it you'll never know—until you actually become the owner of a Rolex Oyster.



By Appointment Makers of Weatherproof



Clothing to the late King George VI



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Now is a good time to be thinking of overcoats. Burberrys offer a wide selection of attractive materials and a comprehensive range of fittings. Above, for example, is their double breasted Chesterfield made from the finest quality Scotch cheviot in dark blue-grey—the obvious choice for formal wear. £28. 10. 3d.

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Take a bottle home and have a preliminary glass or two yourself. Then you'll understand just why this delicious genuine vermouth is so popular everywhere.

Cinzano has a flavour and quality without equal and no matter HOW you drink it—on its own, with soda or mixed with any other drink, its incomparable flavour adds extra zest and enjoyment.

Every drop of Cinzano is produced from specially grown grapes and enriched by the addition of herbs and other constituents after a recipe famous for over 100 years. No wonder it's good.

SWEET (Red or White) from Italy . . . 17/- DRY from France . . . 18/-

There are half bottles at 9/- and 9/6d. respectively.

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*The drink at any time*



*'There's nobody else like me'—*



I'm the individual type who may be very short or very tall . . . very slim or very plump . . . Titian or ash blonde . . . country mouse or town sophisticate . . . but, whatever my type, I'm catered for at Harrods. Their wonderfully-planned fashion departments are unique when it comes to providing for the in-between size . . . the individual style . . . the subtle shade . . . the price that really suits the pocket. Sometimes I'm glad there's nobody else like me, because it's nice to be treated as somebody rather special.

*Harrods*

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DRY FLY SHERRY—the best appetizer—makes a most acceptable Christmas gift and provides a gracious welcome to your guests. Order early from your Wine Merchant to avoid disappointment.

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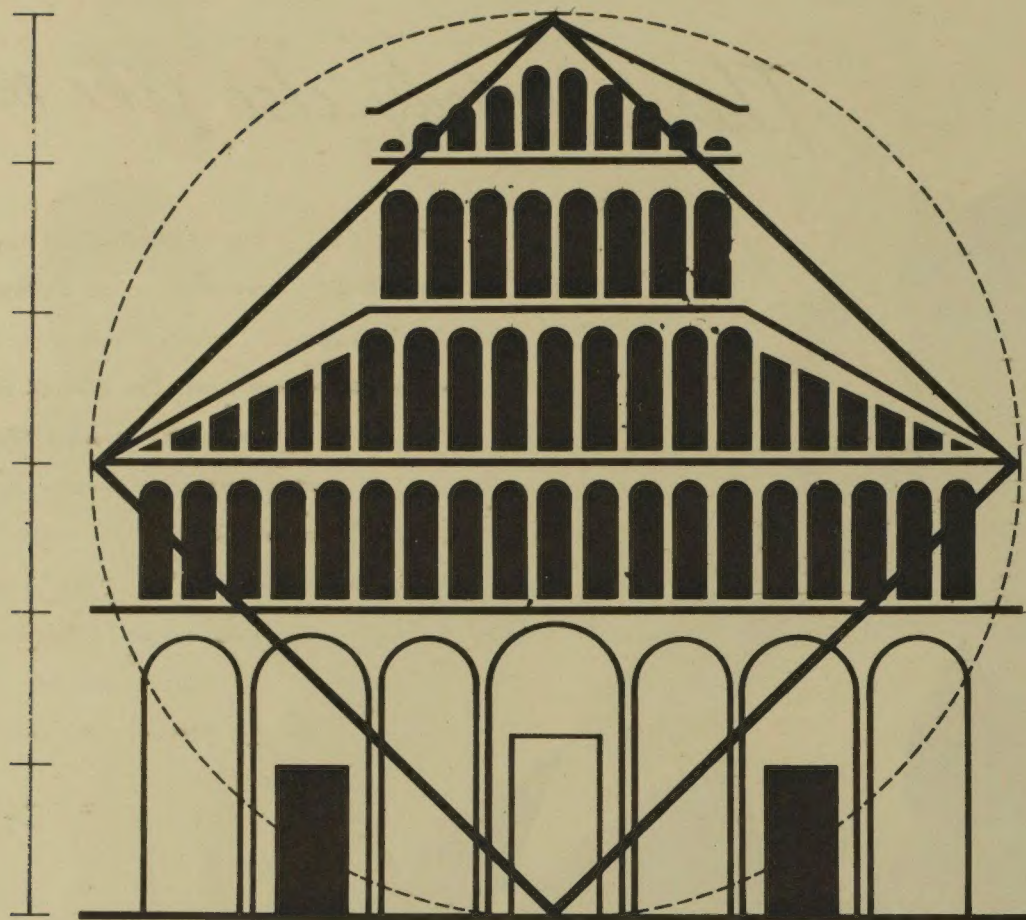
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MEDIUM**  
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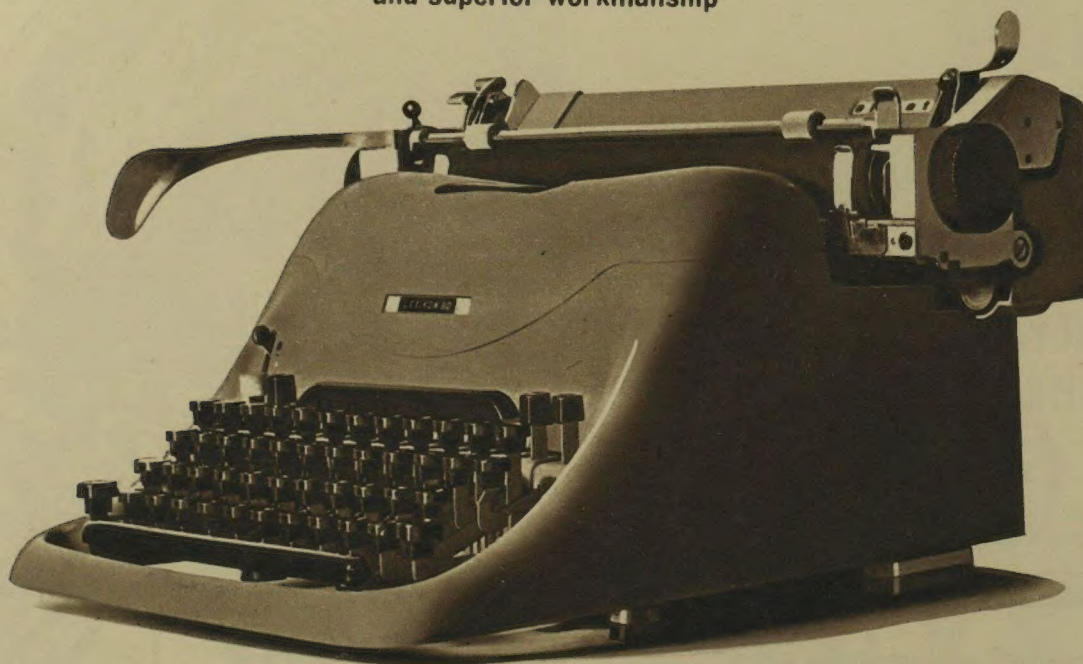
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***Mechanical perfection expressed in a form of measured beauty.***

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1953.



**PREPARING THE QUEEN'S AIRCRAFT FOR ITS TRANSATLANTIC JOURNEY: CHECKING THE ESPECIAL AND PROLONGED OVERHAUL OF THE B.O.A.C. STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS," IN READINESS FOR HER MAJESTY'S FLIGHT TO JAMAICA.**

The aircraft in which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will begin the Royal Commonwealth tour is the "Canopus," one of B.O.A.C.'s fleet of Boeing Stratocruisers—a luxury aircraft with sleeping accommodation normally used on the New York and Montreal flights. It has been overhauled for the Royal flight at Filton, near Bristol; and instead of the usual five or six days' overhaul, it is being given ten or eleven days of scrutiny and maintenance. The

arrangements for the Queen's departure on November 23 were announced on November 10; and it was stated that "Canopus" would taxi to the runway by the Royal lounge at London Airport. The Queen and the Duke were expected to arrive at 8.15 p.m., the aircraft being timed to take off half an hour later. Special enclosures were being built to accommodate a large number of photographers and television and sound broadcasting units.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

**YACHTSMEN**, I see it is reported, are much concerned because of a new regulation by the Commissioners of Customs and Excise which they fear will make it difficult or impossible to charter small yachts, and so prejudice in their opinion and perhaps even destroy the practise of seamanship by amateurs. The purport of this regulation is that no yacht of less than 40 tons may sail more than thirty-six nautical miles seaward from any part of the United Kingdom coast, and not more than twelve miles from the coast between Beachy Head and the North Foreland without a special licence from the Department of Customs and Excise. Any yacht which is not carrying such a licence will be liable, according to this regulation, to forfeiture if it is found outside these waters, even if the owner is not personally involved. It sounds on the face of it a pretty drastic regulation, but it is the kind of bureaucratic *ukase*, formerly almost unknown in this country, to which we have grown accustomed during the past quarter of a century. It would presumably render subject to confiscation any yacht that, through engine-failure or its becoming becalmed, drifted with the tide outside the thirty-six- or twelve-mile limit. No owner faced by such a threat will, it is feared, be prepared to allow another to charter his yacht, and the habit of amateur yachtmanship, so long and firmly established in this country, may gradually die out as a result. Not, presumably, that this is likely to trouble the officials of the Customs and Excise very much. For it would greatly lighten and simplify their labours.

A protest meeting has been called by the Little Ship Club—the largest association of small-yacht owners in the country—to protest against the regulation and to seek an amendment of it in favour of the owner. By the time this article appears it is possible—and one very much hopes that it may be so—that officialdom will have appreciated the social objection to its new decree and be ready to modify it in the interests of justice and common sense. But from what one knows of the official mind, fortified by a quarter of a century of virtual dictatorship, public protest at the measure, if authority is to give way, will have to be supported by something more formidable than a few thousand yachtsmen. Perhaps—and this might well be decisive—the Admiralty may have something to say. No doubt the officers of the Customs and Excise had very strong reasons, from the point of view of their Department, for framing such a high-handed regulation; otherwise they clearly would not have framed it. It is not to the public interest that the Customs should be evaded, and the practise of yachting can obviously facilitate such evasion. It may seem better, therefore, to discourage yachting or to restrict it within narrow limits. This is an excellent example of the inevitable consequences of the modern political practise of entrusting unlimited power to the permanent officials of sectional departments, whose view of any matter is necessarily governed solely by the particular duties and requirements of that Department. It would be grossly unjust to blame the officials themselves for such a tendency; a departmental official has, of necessity, to work in blinkers and to perform his duty according to a particular and circumscribed brief. Yet the more this growing practice is accepted and adopted, the narrower the general limits of freedom and of individual action must become. We may even presently reach the stage where, in the interests of the Home Office and police, the private citizen will be forbidden to walk about the streets at night without an official pass. For such a prohibition would obviously facilitate the work of preventing and detecting nocturnal crime. And it is obviously imposing an immense additional and apparently unnecessary work and trouble on the police to permit the public to enjoy the right of unlicensed midnight rambling. Sooner or later, therefore, officialdom, if allowed a free hand, may very well prohibit it. I know it will be said that such a thing is quite unthinkable in this country; that we are not living in

the Middle Ages; and that Englishmen would never tolerate a curfew. But is it so unthinkable as we suppose? It is certainly no more unthinkable in the light of present-day administrative practice than many regulations and prohibitions, now firmly established and accepted, would have seemed thirty years ago to men of our father's generation. Our liberties are shrinking at a cumulative and an ever-growing pace, and invariably for the best of administrative reasons. It is this last that makes it so difficult to preserve them.

Yet good administrative reasons are not always good political reasons, and policy is more important than administration. What is needed to-day is a new realisation of this once, in this country, universally recognised and

now almost totally forgotten truth. Most politicians—the men whose business it is, not to administer, but to frame and interpret policy—seem to have lost their faith in policy and to have surrendered their freedom of action to the administrators. Increasingly during the past half-century they, and their local-government counterparts, have become the rubber-stamps of permanent officialdom. Many of their committees, so unending as the accumulation of detailed administrative business awaiting their approval steadily mounts, appear to have become little more than a kind of machinery for endorsing bureaucratic decisions. The ordinary politician is too busy and too ephemeral a being nowadays to compete with the unchanging, undismissable and omniscient man of files and regulations—so deferential and correct in his manner towards his nominal masters, the public's representatives—who spends his well-regulated life at the desk of authority. The former has to accept the data with which the permanent administrator provides him, and the political and non-administrative needs of the public which the politician exists, or ought to exist, to serve, go by default. Among these needs is liberty: that freedom of individual choice that is anathema to the man who has to regulate and keep order, but without which, all history teaches, public virtue, initiative, enterprise, courage and intelligence ultimately wither and die.

Nearly fourteen years ago the British Army, and the British Empire with it, faced the greatest danger in its history. Our Expeditionary Force in France, containing almost all the men upon whom we depended for the formation and training of our new armies, was separated from its allies, and surrounded and driven, almost defenceless, on to the open beaches of Dunkirk. From seemingly certain annihilation or surrender it was rescued by a spontaneous and miraculous exercise of the individual spirit engendered by generations of sailing and the ownership of yachts. Hundreds of little boats, manned by their owners and by men who had devoted their leisure to sailing, crossed the North Sea and, in the face of intense aerial bombardment, helped the Royal Navy to spirit away England's encircled Army to safety. Without the virtue and skill engendered by personal freedom, the miracle of

Dunkirk could never have been achieved. Had the regulations which the Commissioners of Customs and Excise are now proposing to impose been in existence for the last half-century it looks, therefore, as though the operation which saved the British Army, and with it the future of the world, would have failed for lack of ships and seamen. It takes so much more than sound administration to make a nation; I am inclined to think that it may even at times take smugglers! Efficient and conscientious administration is an admirable thing, and an asset that our country enjoys in a very full measure. But it is possible in this illogical and imperfect world to have too much of a good thing; and it is the business of politicians—and electors—to make administration conform to the realities and limitations of human nature and to keep administrators, like other good things, in their proper place.

#### A MASTERPIECE ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION.



"SAMSON AND THE PHILISTINE"—THE NOBLE AND SLIGHTLY LARGER-THAN-LIFE WHITE MARBLE STATUE BY GIOVANNI DA BOLOGNA (1524-1608), WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM FROM THE WORSLEY FAMILY, OF HOVINGHAM HALL, YORKS, FOR £25,000.

This statue, which was the most important piece of Italian statuary in Britain in private hands, was reputed to have been designed as a fountain decoration for Francesco de' Medici about 1559, and is the earliest of Giovanni da Bologna's large statues done in Florence. It is 82½ ins. high. It passed to Ferdinand de' Medici and then to the Duke of Lerma. It was given by Philip IV. of Spain to Charles I. (then Prince of Wales) in 1623, who gave it to the Duke of Buckingham, who placed it eventually in Buckingham House. When George III. acquired Buckingham House in 1762 he gave the statue to Thomas Worsley, Surveyor-General to the Board of Works. It has remained in the Worsley family since, and has long been one of the glories of Hovingham Hall. Recently Sir William Worsley had received an offer of £25,000 for it from the Metropolitan Museum, New York, but owing to its great importance, its export was forbidden. In accordance with the new practice based on the findings of the Waverley Committee, in such circumstances the work in question must be acquired by the nation at a proper market price. This price is being contributed in part by the Victoria and Albert Museum (£15,000 over two years) and the remainder (£10,000) by the National Art-Collections Fund. After cleaning and some repair, the statue will eventually be on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.





**PRINCE CHARLES, DUKE OF CORNWALL : A NEW PHOTOGRAPH TO MARK HIS FIFTH BIRTHDAY.**

On November 14, Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, the Heir Apparent, celebrated his fifth birthday ; and spent it at Royal Lodge, Windsor, with his grandmother, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. His sister, Princess Anne, also accompanied him for the occasion. His mother, the Queen, and the Duke of Edinburgh were still at Sandringham, completing their arrangements for their approaching departure for the Commonwealth Royal Tour on November 23. During the day flags flew from

public buildings in London and the bells pealed for an hour from the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. In the photograph Prince Charles is shown wearing a cream shantung shirt, with pale-blue shorts. His tie is also pale blue, and it is secured with a gold pin. During the week of his birthday he came under the charge of his first governess, Miss Peebles, a portrait of whom appears elsewhere in this issue. [*Portrait study by Marcus Adams.*]



## NEWS FROM ABROAD: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.



REVIEWING TROOPS IN RED SQUARE: MEMBERS OF THE SOVIET HIERARCHY IN FRONT OF THE LENIN MAUSOLEUM. (L. TO R.) P. ZHIGARIOV; S. BUDYONNY; N. KUZNETSOV; V. SOKOLOVSKY; A. VASSILIEVSKY; L. GOBOROV; G. ZHUKOV; N. BULGANIN; K. VOROSHILOV; G. M. MALENKOV (PREMIER); V. MOLOTOV; N. KRUSCHEV; L. KAGANOVICH; A. MIKOYAN; M. SABUROV; M. PERVUKHIN; N. SHVERNIK; P. PONOMARENKO; M. SUSLOV; P. POSPELOV; N. SHATALIN AND M. SHKIRIATOV.

This photograph, which appeared on the front page of *Pravda*, shows members of the Soviet hierarchy reviewing troops from the official stand in front of the Lenin Mausoleum in Red Square, Moscow, where the traditional military parade took place on November 7, the thirty-sixth

anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. This year the anniversary was given exceptional prominence in all Communist countries. The customary speech on Soviet policy was delivered, unexpectedly, by Marshal Voroshilov, President of the Soviet Union, on the eve of the anniversary.



AT TRIESTE FOR A FIVE-DAY ROUTINE VISIT: THE BRITISH FRIGATES *MERMAID* (LEFT FOREGROUND), *MAGPIE* (RIGHT FOREGROUND) AND *PEACOCK*.

The British frigates *Mermaid*, *Magpie* and *Peacock*, each of 1430 tons, anchored in Trieste on November 12 for a five-day visit. Their visit was described as being routine and having nothing to do with the recent disturbances. On the quay British Military Police and their vehicles can be seen.



ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF THE DRUMMOND FAMILY: GASTON DOMINICI, A FARMER (WEARING HAT), SEEN WITH A POLICE OFFICER DURING INVESTIGATIONS LAST YEAR.

It is reported that Gaston Dominici, a farmer aged seventy-six, whose sons Gustave and Clovis accused him of the murder of the Drummond family on August 5 last year near Lurs, during police questioning on November 13, has confessed to the crime.



MAKING ITS FIRST FLIGHT: THE WORLD'S LARGEST HELICOPTER, THE U.S. AIR FORCE YH-16 TRANSPORTER, AT PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

On October 23, before an audience of military officials, the U.S. Air Force YH-16 Transporter made its first flight at Philadelphia International Airport. The 40-passenger aircraft gave a demonstration which lasted for twelve minutes. The helicopter has been manufactured by the Piasecki Helicopter Corporation.



AT PANMUNJOM: A PRISONER OF WAR, WHO DESIRED REPATRIATION, APPEARING BEFORE A BOARD OF THE NEUTRAL NATIONS REPATRIATION COMMISSION.

Despite the violent methods of the Communist "explainers," few of the North Korean and Chinese prisoners of war have been willing to accept repatriation. On November 3, for example, only nineteen out of 483 North Koreans elected to return; and on November 10 the Communists halted the talks indefinitely.



MAKING A PRESENTATION TO THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY: FISHERMEN AT LAEKEN PALACE WITH THEIR OFFERING OF SMOKED SARDINES.

Some Belgian fishermen were recently received at Laeken Palace by members of the Royal family, who accepted from them smoked sardines from the first catch of the season. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) the fishermen, ex-King Leopold III, his wife, Princess de Rethy, and King Baudouin.



# EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: ITEMS OF INTEREST RECORDED BY CAMERA.



THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION: A VIEW OF THE PARADE, WITH LENIN'S TOMB AND THE WALLS OF THE KREMLIN IN BACKGROUND. On November 7 the 36th anniversary of the October Revolution was celebrated in Moscow with the usual parade in Red Square. The military parade was cut this year to twenty minutes, and was followed by the workers' parade, in which about 2,000,000 civilians took part.



THE EVACUATION OF CHINESE NATIONALIST GUERRILLAS FROM BURMA: A VIEW OF THE FIRST GROUP CROSSING A BRIDGE INTO SIAM ON NOVEMBER 8. The evacuation of 2000 Chinese Nationalist guerrillas from Burma to Siam began on November 7, when the first group arrived at a reception centre on the border. The troops are to be taken by air from Siam to Formosa. Ten thousand guerrillas will be left in Burma, but these have been disowned by the Chinese Nationalist Government.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WATCHING A MIME CLASS OF R.A.D.A. STUDENTS AT WORK. ON HER LEFT, SIR KENNETH BARNES AND MISS FLORA ROBSON. A year ago Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother laid the foundation-stone of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art Vanbrugh Theatre. On November 11, at her own request, she returned to see the progress of the building and visited some of the classes—mime, acting and voice-production.



ON THE WAY TO BE OVERHAULED AND REPAIRED: THE ROYAL BARGE OR "QUEEN'S SHALLOP," NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM. The Royal Barge was built for Queen Mary II. by William III. in 1689, and is the only survivor of the old State Barges. She was last used on August 4, 1919, when George V. and Queen Mary were rowed on the Thames by eight of the King's Watermen. The Barge was steered by the King's Bargemaster.



THE SHIP WHICH WILL CARRY THE QUEEN ON THE ROYAL TOUR: THE S.S. GOTHIC, IN THE GEORGE V. DOCK, ON THE EVE OF HER DEPARTURE FOR JAMAICA. On November 10 the Shaw Savill liner *Gothic*, which will be the Royal yacht for the Queen's Commonwealth tour, left London for Jamaica. It was carrying part of the Royal staff and some passengers there, where it will await the Queen's arrival by air on November 25.



# PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**APPOINTED MINISTER OF STATE, FOREIGN OFFICE: LORD READING.**  
Lord Reading, hitherto Joint Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has been appointed a second Minister of State at the Foreign Office, and becomes a Privy Councillor. He sat in the House of Lords as a Liberal until 1950, and then joined the Conservative Party. The appointment of an extra Minister of State is a change designed to assist Mr. Eden.



**A GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENT: MR. A. H. E. MOLSON.**  
Appointed Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation in succession to Mr. J. G. Braithwaite. He has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works since 1951 and Conservative M.P. for the High Peak division of Derbyshire since 1939. In the 1931-1935 Parliament he was Conservative member for Doncaster.



**A GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENT: MR. A. D. DODDS-PARKER.**  
Appointed Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office in succession to Lord Reading. He has sat on the back benches since 1945 as Conservative Member for Banbury; and for some time has been chairman of the Conservative Party Commonwealth Affairs Committee. From 1930 to 1938 he served in the Sudan Political Service.



**THE ALLIED MILITARY COMMANDER IN TRIESTE: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN WINTERTON.**  
General Winterton has been Military Governor and Commander British and U.S. Zones, Free Territory of Trieste since 1951; and was formerly British High Commissioner and C-in-C. Austria. Mr. Eden stated in the House of Commons that he had the full support and confidence of the British and U.S. Governments for his handling of the recent Trieste disturbances.



**APPOINTED GOVERNESS TO THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: MISS K. PEEBLES.**  
Miss Katherine Peebles, formerly governess to Prince Michael of Kent, has been appointed as the Duke of Cornwall's first governess. Miss Peebles, who is a Scotswoman, is to start giving the Duke of Cornwall, who was five on November 14, his lessons in the near future. The Duke of Cornwall has already met Miss Peebles during his stays at Balmoral.



**DIED ON NOVEMBER 9: MR. DYLAN THOMAS, THE WELSH POET, A PORTRAIT BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A.**  
A gifted poet, broadcaster and short-story writer, Mr. Dylan Thomas is a loss to literature. His first book, "Eighteen Poems" (1934), was followed by "Twenty-five Poems" (1936), "The Map of Love," "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog" and other books. A Third Programme broadcaster, Mr. Thomas was well known as a lecturer in the U.S., where he died. Aged thirty-nine, he had planned to work on an opera libretto with Stravinsky.

**ELECTED AS NEW PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINES: MR. R. MAGSAYSAY.**  
On November 12 Mr. Ramon Magsaysay, forty-six-year-old former Defence Minister, was elected President of the Philippines. As the Nationalist Party candidate, he polled over 2,000,000 votes against the 900,000 of his rival, President Quirino, the Liberal candidate, who had been President since 1948.



**TO BE CHAIRMAN OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY BOARD: SIR EDWIN PLOWDEN.**  
Designated first chairman of the Atomic Energy Corporation if the Bill establishing it is approved by Parliament. Pending legislation, Sir Edwin, until recently Chief Planning Officer to the Government, has joined the staff of Lord Salisbury, the Lord President of the Council, in whom Parliamentary responsibility will be vested. From Nov. 1 Sir Edwin's salary will be £8,500 a year.



**TO BE ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL: MGR. WILLIAM GODFREY.**  
The Pope has nominated Mgr. William Godfrey, Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, as Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool in succession to Dr. Richard Downey, who died last June. Archbishop Godfrey was born in Liverpool in 1889 and ordained in 1916. In 1938 he was promoted to the titular archiepiscopal See of Cius.



**THE NEWLY-APPOINTED PAYMASTER-GENERAL: LORD SELKIRK, WITH LADY SELKIRK IN THEIR HOME.**  
Lord Selkirk has been appointed Paymaster-General in succession to Lord Cherwell, who resigned to resume his academic work at Oxford. Unlike his predecessor, he will not be a member of the Cabinet. He has had no special duties assigned to him, and will give general assistance to the Government in the House of Lords.



**THE HARRY DEXTER WHITE CONTROVERSY: MR. HARRY S. TRUMAN ADDRESSING JOURNALISTS.**  
Our photograph shows Mr. Harry S. Truman telling journalists in New York why he would not comply with the House of Representatives un-American Activities Committee's subpoena for him to testify in the Dexter White case. The subpoena was sent after Mr. Brownell, Attorney-General, had accused Mr. Truman, when President, of keeping Mr. Harry Dexter White (who died in 1948), Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, in office after being told he was a Russian spy.



**RECEIVING THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES TABLE TENNIS TROPHY: MISS D. ROWE AND MISS R. ROWE.**  
The Middlesex twins, Diane and Rosalind Rowe, won the women's table tennis doubles, at Belle Vue, Manchester, for the fifth successive year on November 13. Our photograph shows them receiving their trophy from the Earl of Stamford. They won the women's doubles in the Austrian international table tennis championships in Vienna.



# DR. MOSSADEQ ON TRIAL: THE EX-PREMIER DOMINATES THE COURT.



DENOUNCING HIS CHIEF DEFENDING OFFICER, COLONEL BOZORGMEHR: DR. MOSSADEQ, WHO ON ONE OCCASION PUNCHED HIS LAWYER, AND ATTEMPTED TO LEAVE THE COURT.



"I AM NOT GOING TO ATTEND THE COMING SESSIONS!" DR. MOSSADEQ DURING THE OPENING SESSIONS, WHICH DECIDED THE COURT'S COMPETENCE TO TRY HIM.



ILLUSTRATING HIS PETULANCE: DR. MOSSADEQ, WHO MADE LENGTHY SPEECHES CHALLENGING THE COMPETENCE OF THE COURT TO TRY HIM.



SEIZING THE ARM OF HIS LAWYER, WHOM HE ADDRESSED IN ANGRY TERMS, AND DECLARED WAS NOT "HIS LAWYER," BUT HAD BEEN APPOINTED BY THE COURT.



"GO HOME, ALL OF YOU. YOU ARE WASTING OUR TIME. YOUR COURT IS ILLEGAL": DR. MOSSADEQ. THE COURT WAS ANNOUNCED AS COMPETENT TO TRY HIM.



SINKING EXHAUSTED ON THE SHOULDER OF ONE OF HIS DEFENDING OFFICERS DURING A RECESS: DR. MOSSADEQ, WHO HAS SHOWN GREAT EMOTION AND HAS BEEN THE DOMINANT PERSONALITY IN THE COURT DURING HIS TRIAL.



LYING PRONE ON A BENCH IN THE COURT: DR. MOSSADEQ, WHO DELIVERED AN IMMENSELY LONG SPEECH ABUSING BRITAIN AND, ON ONE OCCASION, ATTEMPTED TO LEAVE THE COURT.

In our issue of November 14 we illustrated the initial stage of the trial of Dr. Mossadeq, the aged Persian ex-Premier, which opened on November 8. The first sessions, which lasted a week, were devoted to legal arguments to decide on the competence of the Military Tribunal to try Dr. Mossadeq and General Riahi, former Chief of Staff, for high treason. On November 15 General Moghbeli, the President, announced that the Court was competent; and the trial is thus taking its full course, starting on November 16. Dr. Mossadeq received the verdict with

bowled head. Then, crying, he threw up his hands and exclaimed: "I know well that my sentence has been fixed in advance. I never expected otherwise." During the first part of the trial he has run through the whole gamut of emotional display. He denounced the Court's authority, abused Britain, flattered the Shah, attacked his defending counsel, burst into tears, and attempted to leave the Court. At one moment he called out: "Why not cut off my head at once?"; and his powerful personality has, indeed, dominated the court.



## AN UNCOMMON STORY OF A COMMON SPARROW.

"SOLD FOR A FARTHING"; By CLARE KIPPS.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SPARROWS, as individuals, have received little attention in literature. There is Skelton's "Boke of Philipp Sparowe," a fanciful, touching and humorous lament over the death of a pet; and there is Catullus's even more celebrated elegy, which is supposed to have inspired Skelton. "*Passer delicia mea puella*," began Catullus, and, after dwelling on his pretty tricks and song, sighed over his departure—"*Nunc it per iter tenebrosus*": "Now he goes down the darkling way." Skelton's sparrow is believed to have had purely a literary existence: if the instructors of my youth were correct, Lesbia's sparrow wasn't our house-sparrow at all, but some other member of the varied Passerine tribe. Certainly one would have supposed that that alluring vampire Lesbia would have preferred something gaudier than a brown chirper: peacocks for a background, perhaps, and a bright-plumaged songster for a toy. It may be that the scepticism about her *passer* being a sparrow derives mainly from the assertion that it sang.

For, whatever else may be said for the sparrow, it is not commonly regarded as a melodist. Mr. Charles Bayne, author of "The Call of the Birds," even goes so far as to rebuke sparrows for their insensate way of going on. They, he says, "spend a great part of the day in shouting at their companions. Less expenditure of energy would be required of them if they were to sit still and convert their senselessly reiterated noises into a series of pleasing sounds." The suggestion is "that they could if they tried but they won't": Mrs. Kipps has now produced evidence which suggests that there is some element of truth in this. For she had, for over twelve years, until he died of old age, a familiar sparrow who, amongst many accomplishments, could sing sweetly; and she has now, affectionately but never mawkishly, written his life. He was not deliberately taught, though he did seem to be stimulated when his mistress played the piano. But during his first few months he (as Dr. Huxley puts it) "achieved a vocabulary of notes and calls a good deal more extensive than that of wild sparrows, and was continually adding to his repertoire. . . . It was a complete surprise when she found that he had started (in solitude) a true song, with a melodic line, high notes, and even trills." Not only that, but "he developed two very distinct songs. These were sometimes sung separately, though usually the simpler served as introduction to the more elaborate one, which included two eight-note trills." He sang all the year, except when moulting; the introduction of a canary had no effect on his song, and he went on singing until the last year of his life, when he had a paralytic stroke.

It was in July 1940 that Mrs. Kipps, returning from a long day's duty as an A.R.P. warden, found on the doorstep of her suburban bungalow a tiny, newly-hatched bird, "naked, blind, goggle-eyed and apparently lifeless." She took it in, wrapped it in flannel, gently opened its soft beak and "dripped one drop of warm milk every few minutes down the little throat." Next morning he was not dead, but faintly squeaking for his breakfast. For the details of his gradual convalescence and development the reader must go to this charming book. Long before he was fully-fledged, he was varying his nocturnal use of a wool-lined basin with that of a nest in Mrs. Kipps's bed: and, as soon as he was able to feed himself and be left alone, he had learnt to greet his mistress on her return: "The moment I opened the door of his boudoir there would be a rush of flying feet, and he would scramble up my leg, over my knee and on to my shoulder, chattering excitedly, before tucking himself under my chin or just inside my collar. My bed, though, was his heaven, and to snuggle under the eiderdown with me his idea of supreme bliss." And it was definitely her bed, not just a bed: once when Mrs. Kipps was away and a friend took her place, the sparrow attacked her so fiercely that she had to get out of bed and wait until he had

settled down in the nook to which he was accustomed.

The raids started, and with them the beginning of the sparrow's career as a public entertainer. At the height of the raids he was taken from Post to Post and from house to house, cheering the nervous and distracting terrified children with his songs and the tricks he had learnt or been taught: "He began his performance by sitting sedately in his historic



"FANCY BEING BROUGHT UP IN THIS! BUT MANY FAMOUS MEN HAD HUMBLE BEGINNINGS." Clarence, AS A NEWLY-HATCHED FLEDGLING, WAS PUT INTO THIS PUDDING-BASIN WHICH WAS LINED WITH WOOL, AND SPENT HIS FIRST NIGHT IN THE AIRING CUPBOARD.



"I CAN TURN THIS ROUND TEN TIMES WITHOUT DROPPING IT." Clarence DID VALIANT WORK DURING THE WAR ENTERTAINING MEMBERS OF THE CIVIL DEFENCE—TO WHICH MRS. KIPPS BELONGED. HE WOULD TAKE A PATIENCE-CARD IN HIS BEAK AND TURN IT ROUND MANY TIMES WITHOUT DROPPING IT AS HE ROUNDED THE CORNERS.



"CHOOSE YOUR OWN CARD AND I'LL PICK IT OUT": Clarence WOULD PICK A CARD FROM A HAND PRESENTED TO HIM.



THE SECRET NEST: Clarence, WARM AND COMFORTABLE, UNDER MRS. KIPPS'S CARDIGAN, WHERE HE WOULD SIT BY THE HOUR.

Photographs by Kenneth Gamm from the book "Sold for a Farthing"; reproduced by Courtesy of the Publisher, Frederick Muller, Ltd.

pudding-basin, where he was fed with hemp-seeds by favoured ticket-holders from the front row of the stalls. Then, as gay and light of foot as a ballet-dancer, he would leap out and, suddenly transforming himself into an Infant Hercules with set brows and straining muscles, he would engage me in a tug-of-war with a hairpin, holding it tenaciously in his beak, pulling with all his might until I allowed him to win and carry his trophy in triumph to his cage. After a curtain and a brief interval he would reappear in the

rôle of conjurer and pick a card from a hand presented to him, usually the one chosen by the audience if I pointed to it or pushed it very slightly forward. When he tired of this he took a patience-card in his beak, and turned it round ten or twelve

times without dropping it as he rounded the corners. This, I believe, was his favourite trick, for it was self-taught and he amused himself with it for years after he had left the footlights and had forgotten all the others. . . . Sometimes, during the interval for refreshment, he took an imaginary bath in the front page of *The Times*. Apparently he mistook the printed letters for dust or insects, and on one occasion tried to pick them up one by one, and put them under his wings—an action which looked to me suspiciously like 'anting'. . . . His most popular number, however, was his famous 'Air Raid Shelter Trick,' which never failed to bring down the house and gave him many curtains. I had taught him to sit down in my left hand—at first by putting hemp-seeds there—while I cupped it with my right. Thereafter it was comparatively easy to associate this action with the repetition of certain words

and before long I had only to say 'Siren's gone!' and he would run into this improvised shelter, sit quite motionless for several minutes and then poke out his head as if enquiring if the All Clear had yet sounded."

At the end one feels one has been reading the life of a person with an individual character. Scientists will probably learn something from it, resulting as it does from so many years of intimate observation (e.g., the bird was content with human companionship, and uninterested in other birds, even in the room, yet did essay the rudiments of nests with matchsticks, etc.) and there are many amusing details. When old and

halt, the sparrow taught himself to walk: and the notion of a sparrow walking is as odd as would be that of M.P.s hopping to their job across Parliament Square. His epicurean tastes in food were also surprising. He was fond of fish, especially Dover sole and Scotch salmon, and when Phthalylfulphathiazole had failed to restore him to complete health, champagne did the trick. If ever I come across an ailing redbreast, redshank or redstart, I shall feel constrained to solace and sustain him with caviar and vodka.

This is a sparrow of a book: only seventy-two pages, plus the prefaces and the photographs: which, alas, were taken only in the last year of the hero's life. But a little book best fits a little sparrow; and if it isn't actually "sold for a farthing," it must be remembered that in the days when the English translations of the Bible were made, our currency had not even approached its present state of inflation and debasement; and "a farthing" rang in our ancestors' ears not as a nugatory, but merely as a very modest sum, as "sixpence" might to ours. Small though the book is, and small as is its subject, many a reader, now and for a long time hence, will probably echo the opinions of Mr. Walter de la Mare, whose encouragement led to its writing: "It is all but unique. From what I have already seen of it, the Sparrow's Biography will be a little gem and the photographs are astonishing in themselves and a wonderful witness to the love that extends to all creatures great and small. What a marvel of insight he gives to anyone with a groatsworth of imagination. One asks oneself how could that languageless (or all but languageless) morsel of feathers have loved anything so dearly as he loved his human friend? But mysteries begin to abound at this point."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 842 of this issue.

MRS. CLARE KIPPS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BIOGRAPHY REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Mrs. Clare Kipps is the author of the carefully-recorded biography of a common sparrow, which she reared herself from a helpless fledgling, less than a day old, not merely to maturity but until it died of old age after 12 years, 7 weeks and 4 days.



\* "Sold for a Farthing." By Clare Kipps. Foreword by Julian Huxley. Illustrated. (Frederick Muller; 5s.)





**"THE LINER SHE'S A LADY": A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN MARY, TAKEN AT NIGHT IN DRY-DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON, WHERE SHE IS UNDERGOING AN OVERHAUL, SHOWING THE LINER'S FINE, YACHT-LIKE BOWS.**

The giant Cunard transatlantic liner *Queen Mary* (81,235 tons gross, and 1018 ft. overall length) is at present undergoing an annual overhaul in dry-dock at Southampton in readiness for her next sailing, which is arranged for December 17.

This photograph, which was taken while work was still being carried on after dark, is particularly impressive, since it shows the bows of the great liner reaching up into the night and looking as fine as those of a huge yacht.



# A VISIT TO THE SULTANATE OF BRUNEI: THE PEOPLE AND CUSTOMS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST TERRITORIES FOR ITS SIZE.

By IRIS DARNTON.

On November 3 it was announced that the Sultan of Brunei had offered the Federation of Malaya a loan of £4,500,000, which has been accepted. The Sultan wrote: "The people of Brunei would like to show their appreciation of the gallant struggle of the people of Malaya against the common enemy—Communism—in the only way at present open to them." In this article Mrs. Darnton describes a visit to the Sultanate, which now has a flourishing oil industry employing three-quarters of the working population. The photographs which illustrate the article (except the portrait of the Sultan) and those on the facing page were taken by Mrs. Darnton.

ALTHOUGH everyone has heard of Borneo, one of the largest islands in the world, hardly anyone has heard of Brunei, yet the name of Borneo is, in fact, a corruption of Bruni or Burni, Brunei being in former times a powerful sultanate which dominated most of Borneo and from which the whole island has since taken—in a corrupted form—its present name. The Spanish, who were the first Europeans to visit the country, in 1521, were much impressed by the splendour and rich trappings of Sultan Bulkeiah's Court, but this was, in fact, the golden age of the Sultanate and by the nineteenth century, through gross misrule and extravagance, Brunei had shrunk to a small territory, sandwiched in the north-eastern corner of Sarawak, hardly larger than Norfolk, while its capital had degenerated into a haven for pirates and slave-traders.

In 1900 when the country had reached a very low ebb, a prominent Singapore newspaper, commenting

on, leaving us nothing to gaze at but a distant view of Kinabalu, that fabulous mountain of Borneo at whose feet we had so lately sojourned, but which now hung, like a grey serrated shadow, in the haze high above the mainland.

Presently we approached and passed another island, low and green, where mangroves waded on their stilt-like roots into the sea; then a long, sandy promontory fringed by tall casuarinas—those strangely untropical-looking trees whose slender branches, clad in long "needles," always remind me of firs and chill northern climes.



THE SULTAN OF BRUNEI, WHO HAS OFFERED A LOAN OF £4,500,000 TO THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA: HIS HIGHNESS OMAR ALI SAIFUDDIN, C.M.G., WHO SUCCEEDED HIS BROTHER IN JUNE 1950.

We were now making our way up the mouth of a wide river, its high banks bordered by mangroves, with, beyond, a line of low hills covered in palms and tropical vegetation. So far we had seen no signs of human life or habitation, but as we approached our destination one or two little villages, composed of perhaps half-a-dozen flimsy-looking houses, made their appearance at the water's edge; and then at last, as we rounded a bend, Brunei itself lay before us, sprawled right across the middle of the river.

This strange conglomeration of dwellings which forms the ancient capital of Brunei is one of the most picturesque towns in the world. Constructed entirely of wood thatched with nipah palm, the houses are perched on tall, slender piles above the brown, sluggish waters of the river, being connected one with the other by narrow, ramshackle footways—these proving a severe test to those of us who have not been educated to walk a tight-rope—or a plank!

Here a community of people have lived almost amphibiously for hundreds of years—surprisingly healthy and free from most of the ills which usually beset Eastern races—and so deeply attached to their curious way of life that only a comparatively small percentage of the population ever crosses to *terra firma*. Although fishing is the main occupation of the inhabitants, some of the people of Brunei are traditional brass-workers, making, among other things, the famous Chanangs, or gongs, which are collected and treasured by the indigenous tribes of Sarawak and British North Borneo. There is also a small community of silversmiths, and I have on my dressing-table a most original and attractive globular silver box which I bought in Brunei and which is made in the form of a stylised mangosteen, the curved stalk forming the handle. Many of the women are talented weavers, who make magnificent silk sarongs interwoven with lovely designs of gold and silver thread,

these sarongs being considered some of the finest in the East. When I was taken to see these women working their looms, one could not help comparing the primitive, tumbledown surroundings with the rich and beautiful materials being produced. Unfortunately, the room containing the looms was too cramped and dark for photography, and when I asked the women to hold some of the finished sarongs outside in the light for me to photograph in colour, they retreated into their sleeping quarters in gales of embarrassed giggles. It must have taken at least twenty minutes before we could persuade them to emerge and pose with their handiwork. This extreme shyness was encountered everywhere we went, probably fostered by the fact that, being so unused to white strangers, their first reaction is to vanish into the dark interior of their houses as soon as they see one approaching.

Eight or nine thousand people live in Brunei town over the water, most of them being Malays who, according to their own traditions, originally came from Johore. Until a few years ago the Sultan's Istana, or palace, was a brown wooden house perched on piles above the river, like those of his subjects; but the present Istana is an entirely modern building, with low, white walls and a red-tiled roof, whose large, airy rooms are tastefully furnished in the English style. It stands on a hillside overlooking the water town below, and here Sultan Omar Ali Saifuddin resides with his wife and three young children. He is, like the majority of his subjects, a Muslim, and having been educated in Singapore, he speaks English quite well. I found him a shy but charming young man, who gave me the impression of having the welfare of his people very much at heart. Assisted by the British Resident, Mr. Barcroft, he is planning to create, with the immense wealth pouring in from the oilfields, a State which he hopes will be a model for the whole of the East, with



A MEMBER OF THE RACE WHICH AT ONE TIME DOMINATED MOST OF BORNEO: A YOUNG MAN OF BRUNEI, WITH HIS PARANG, OR CURVED SWORD, AT HIS HIP.

on Bornean affairs, remarked that "Brunei, although independent, is in such a state of bankruptcy and decay that it would not be a desirable acquisition for anyone." Although on paper it had actually been a British Protectorate since 1888, it had been left to the devices of incompetent Sultans, and it was not until 1906 that a British Resident was appointed and conditions improved, but with its poor resources, the country was far from wealthy. Since the last war, however, an astonishing change has taken place in the Sultanate which certainly no one at the beginning of the present century could possibly foresee—for now for its size, Brunei is one of the richest territories in the world—it has, in fact, struck oil!

Not being connected with its neighbours, Sarawak or British North Borneo, by either road or rail, nor as yet having an airfield, this remote little State is by no means an easy place to visit, its only regular communication with the outside world being by launch from Labuan, an island situated off the coast. The launch belongs to the Government, and plies back and forth with the mail between Labuan and Brunei about three times a week and, providing no Government officials are travelling, it has room for four or five passengers. The journey across the open bay can at times be extremely rough, but we were fortunate in encountering nothing worse than a lively swell, the dark-blue waves slapping noisily against the boat's sides, their clear depths filled with the swaying, sinister forms of huge, reddish-purple jelly-fish.

Not long after leaving Labuan we passed a small island bathed in hot sunshine, whose miniature coral beach, shaded by palms and backed by a rocky, jungle-clad hillock, seemed to invite our presence to its deserted shores; but the launch chugged remorselessly



BELONGING TO A COMMUNITY OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE LIVED ALMOST AMPHIBIOUSLY FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS: A MAN OF BRUNEI, WHOSE COUNTRY IS NOW DRAWING GREAT WEALTH FROM ITS OIL WELLS.

up-to-date hospitals and schools, free education, pensions for the aged, the sick and infirm, and for widows and orphans. Roads will intersect the country, with buses to connect up with the villages, while an airfield will bring Brunei within easy reach of the rest of the world. Already a modern township is in the course of construction on the left bank of the river, and in time the Sultan hopes to rehouse the inhabitants of the water capital on dry land. In this latter project he has met with very little success, as the people refuse to leave their homes and familiar way of life, although they have been offered free houses and land suitable for the cultivation of rice. In spite of these inducements, only a few families have so far been tempted on to *terra firma*, and these the Sultan suggested I should visit, accompanied by his agricultural officer to persuade the people to pose.

We were fortunate in finding most of the villagers harvesting their rice, which made an effective and colourful scene. Deep reddish-golden sunshades, their long, bamboo handles stuck into the ground, were strung, in an uneven line, across the paddy-field, and in their shade the harvesters waded almost up to their shoulders in the ripe, yellowing crop, cutting separately, one by one, each heavy, nodding head of grain, this being dropped into a basket slung at their sides. The bakus, or baskets, which the women carried were particularly attractive, being finely woven in various colours and designs from thin strands of nipah and rotan. One of the older women was wearing as a collar over her black baju a very fine string of elaborately embossed silver buttons which she had added to her costume when she knew she was to be photographed. She and her son, who



WEARING BROOCHES MADE FROM VICTORIAN COINS: A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER FROM BRUNEI, THE FORMER WITH A COLLAR OF ANTIQUE SILVER BUTTONS AND THE LATTER APPARENTLY TERRIFIED OF THE CAMERA.

[Continued opposite.]



PRIMITIVE INDUSTRIES IN A WEALTHY OIL STATE:  
RICE-GROWING, FISHING AND WEAVING IN BRUNEI.



USED FOR STORING THE RICE HARVEST: A MINIATURE "VILLAGE" OF GRANARIES SET HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND ON WOODEN PILES.



DRYING IN THE SUN IN PREPARATION FOR WEAVING INTO MATS, BASKETS, HATS AND OTHER ARTICLES OF DAILY USE: COILS OF NIPAH PALM ON A VERANDAH.



INTERWOVEN WITH GOLD AND SILVER THREAD: TWO MAGNIFICENT SARONGS, ONE RED AND THE OTHER OF PALE BLUE SILK, BEING HELD UP FOR INSPECTION BY THE WEAVERS.



HARVESTING THE RICE CROP: VILLAGERS AT WORK IN THE SHADE OF DEEP, REDDISH-GOLDEN SUNSHADES WHOSE LONG BAMBOO HANDLES ARE STUCK INTO THE GROUND.



A FISH-TRAP IN THE RIVER AT BRUNEI—FISHING IS THE MAIN OCCUPATION OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE TOWN, WHICH IS BUILT OVER THE RIVER.



SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC LARGE HATS OF NIPAH PALM WORN BY THE WOMEN OF BRUNEI LYING IN THE CANOE: FISHING-NETS DRYING AT BRUNEI.

*Continued.* had buckled on his parang for our benefit, both faced the "ordeal by camera" with fair composure, but the daughter was obviously terrified, and needed a great deal of persuasion to come anywhere near us! We were told that crime and unrest are almost unknown in Brunei and that the people are happy and contented;

let us hope that the many material benefits which are planned for the near future, and contact with the modern world, will not change this unusual and enviable state of affairs, and that Brunei will always live up to the native name for her—Dar-ul-Salam (the "Abode of Peace").



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE NEW PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

side are rare. This state of affairs is much older than the present Constitution of Northern Ireland. In my youth, when the issue was Home Rule, it was already established. Those were the days of a small electorate, and capable students of a constituency could count majorities in terms of hundreds. Sometimes the experts would venture upon tens. Since every single vote was of value and nobody was lukewarm, voters travelled from London, or farther, without hesitation, and the sick were carried to the polling booths on stretchers.

I have written in these pages on the strategic position of Northern Ireland more than once. I will

well as British, and much better than popular British opinion. This is an interesting state of affairs, because official opinion in the United States was not formerly friendly to Northern Ireland.

Naturally, the Government of Northern Ireland did not confine itself to defence of the Union with Britain during the election campaign. It stood upon its record and spoke of its plans for the future. After

the war the old problem, well known in the days when there was a United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, had to be faced again. Apart from agriculture, the two major industries are shipbuilding and linen. Without going back to remote and small beginnings, it may be said that shipbuilding is celebrating its centenary this year, since it was in 1853 that Hickson's yard was established on Queen's Island. Linen is, of course, a far older industry, but 1698, the year in which the Huguenot refugee Louis Cromelin settled at Lisburn, can be taken as its start on a serious scale. These are fine industries, which have brought wealth and pride to their sites, and as regards shipbuilding, particularly honourable, because it depends on sea-borne coal, whereas most great yards are either on the edge of coalfields or, as on the east coast of the United States, where the trains from the coalfields run down on an exceptionally favourable gradient.

They are, however, subject to big fluctuations, what Ulster calls "chancy." From time to time they have slumped, causing serious unemployment. Apart from that, it was felt that industry was unbalanced and not strong enough on the light side. The Government has therefore for some time actively encouraged new industries, generally light in type. The chief method has been the building of factories, not, as a rule, very large, which are then leased on relatively easy terms. Here history has repeated itself. Just as French Huguenots expanded the linen industry and made the name of Ulster linen in the world, so many refugees from Nazi rule have played a part in the new industries. To pretend that they have all been satisfactory would be absurd. Some years ago there came into my hands a circular—which I forwarded to the Minister concerned—from an association whose English had not been learnt in these islands. It pledged itself to show its members how income tax could be avoided and the tax-gatherer's hand "kept out of the till." This did not appear to be the most desirable attitude in which to start off, and I understand there have been firms too eager to get in, get a quick capital appreciation, and get out. On the whole, however, the experiment has been a great success and the Government is pledged to continue it.

This is a very general survey, without details or statistics, which those who want them can easily obtain. It must suffice to add that in the organisation of agriculture, education, health and other public services, the Government of Northern Ireland has moved in step with that of the United Kingdom, but that it has not hesitated to adapt them to local conditions and to the desires and needs of its own community. It has to face one unhappy legacy of old times, a larger, virtually unemployable, core than is to be found on the other side of the Irish Sea and which can be eradicated only by giving future generations a better start than their ancestors had. It is convinced that it has been working on the right lines. It has put its hand to an interesting and imaginative scheme. It has been responsible for industries entirely new to the country, such as rayon and nylon, which are already well established, though only on a small scale. There can be no doubt of the power of the mandate which it has now received from the electorate.

My Southern Irish friends tell me that it is a great waste to have two Governments and a Customs barrier in a little island; why should it not be called one, they ask, like Irish Rugby football? To which I can only reply that Northern Ireland neither demanded the Government nor set up the Customs. The former

was accepted, with some doubt, as the sole means of retaining the British connection; the latter became inevitable, because Dublin established a Customs barrier against the United Kingdom. What is seldom realised in Southern Ireland is that the Northerner, descended from the settlers of James I. and there considered dour and unemotional, is in one respect influenced by sentiment as much as any Irish nationalist can be. These apparently hard-headed people possess an intense idealism, which above all else takes the form of devotion to the British Crown and determination to remain citizens of the United Kingdom. They are ready to be friendly, and in modern times the relations between the two Irelands have never been friendlier than to-day. But no persuasion is likely to induce them to alter their minds about what they stand for and where they intend to stand.



LINEN-FINISHING IN AN ULSTER MILL. LINEN IS NORTHERN IRELAND'S OLDEST MAJOR INDUSTRY, APART FROM AGRICULTURE, AND IS GENERALLY TAKEN TO DATE FROM THE SETTLING OF THE HUGUENOT REFUGEE LOUIS CROMELIN AT LISBURN IN 1698.



THE NEW LIGHT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER H.M.S. *Centaur* (18,300 tons), RECENTLY COMPLETED BY MESSRS. HARLAND AND WOLFF, LTD., OF BELFAST, AND ACCEPTED BY THE ADMIRALTY. SHIPBUILDING, THE SECOND OLDEST OF ULSTER'S MAJOR INDUSTRIES, THIS YEAR CELEBRATES ITS CENTENARY, DATING ITS BIRTH FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF HICKSON'S YARD ON QUEEN'S ISLAND IN 1853.

In his article on this page, Captain Falls discusses the Northern Ireland elections. He was writing before the declaration of the last results—the four University seats. These were won by three Unionists and one Independent, and the final state of the parties is as follows: 38 Unionists, 7 Nationalists, 2 Nationalist Abstentionists, 1 Independent Unionist, 1 Independent Labour, 1 Republican Labour, 1 Eire Labour and 1 Independent. The new Parliament met for the first time on November 9, and Sir Norman Stronge was re-elected Speaker; and the State Opening by the Governor, Lord Wakehurst, took place on November 10. In his article, Captain Falls refers to the Government's policy of encouraging the establishment of new light industries. Since 1949 200 industrial undertakings have been established or expanded with financial or technical assistance from the Government. At present these industries employ 31,000 workers and, when they reach full production, this figure is expected to reach 43,000.

not cover that ground again on this occasion, except to say that in the Second World War the strategic value of Northern Ireland—I mean its value as a base and a sea and air outpost in the Battle of the Atlantic, without taking into account its agriculture and manufactures—proved to be far greater than it had ever been. At the same time, the loss of bases in the rest of Ireland, as a result of its neutrality, proved a serious handicap, the effects of which could in all probability not have been surmounted but for the services rendered by Northern Ireland. One remarkable feature of the war was that the attention of thoughtful American senior officers came to be concentrated on this little territory which had yet become so important to them because it provided them with an advanced base. As a result, instructed American military opinion to-day understands the situation as

THE General Election in Northern Ireland at the end of last month resulted in very little change in the constitution of the small House of Commons. Exclusive of the four University seats, there are forty-eight members. Of these the Unionist, or Government, party number thirty-five. The remaining seats are held by one Independent Unionist and twelve Nationalists. So sharply defined are parties in Northern Ireland and so faithful are their adherents to them, that twenty-one Unionists and four Nationalists, one more than half the forty-eight, were returned unopposed. The significance of the results was given by the Prime Minister, Lord Brookeborough, in the following words: "The Ulster people have shown by their votes that there is no weakening in their attachment to the United Kingdom, the Commonwealth and the British way of life. The Government will continue its policy, again emphatically endorsed by the electorate, of guarding Ulster's constitutional position, developing agriculture, improving the social services and attracting new industries."

The constitutional issue was in the foreground because it was under attack by opposing groups. I happened to be in the new Greek liner *Olympia*, on her maiden voyage, while the election was in progress and to meet a number of visitors who came aboard when she entered Belfast Lough. From them I got a clear impression that the attack was rather half-hearted because the result was a foregone conclusion. Still, since this issue was the chief and, indeed, almost the only one raised by the Opposition, it inevitably became predominant. The result has been to prove that the maintenance of the constitution and of the link with Great Britain is assured, and for more than the life of another Parliament, so far as the internal opinion of Northern Ireland is concerned. Indeed, dangerous as it is to look too far ahead in political matters, it would seem as though the constitutional status of the country is confirmed for another generation, having already lasted thirty-three years. I take the view that only some outside agency could change it within the next quarter of a century.

Attack on and defence of a cause so fundamental as this has had a profound effect upon Ulster politics. Political opinion has not developed on the same lines as in Great Britain. This is because the threat to the constitution—which has been stronger in the past than it is to-day, with some former British Tory Ministers taking a part which I trust a future historian will examine—has drawn together in defence people who would not commonly have been political allies. If you examine the lines of theoretical political opinion which makes the Ulster Unionist party to-day, you will find that it is by no means Tory in origin. There has always been a strong Tory Party in Ulster, but it never has possessed the strength to bring about such a vast preponderance as the Unionist Party now enjoys, and has enjoyed since the new Constitution was set up. Every shade of Liberal sentiment has contributed to the Unionist Party. There is a strong Whig tradition; there is also a strong Radical tradition. Both of these have become woven into the fibre of the Ulster Unionist Party.

More important still, the development of Socialist Labour has not been transferred from Great Britain to Northern Ireland. I doubt whether this development would in any case have been as great, but it would certainly have been far greater than it has been but for the issue of the Union. Just as in Great Britain great numbers of people who do not think of themselves as Socialists automatically vote for a Labour Party which is Socialist, because they are members of trade unions, so in Northern Ireland a large proportion of trade unionists who might otherwise vote Labour vote Unionist, and will continue to do so as long as the Union requires their support. Moreover, the relatively small Labour vote is not united. It is split in allegiance. In consequence it exercises even less influence than its numbers justify. One cannot keep the religious question out of an analysis. There is practically no religious issue before the Northern Irish electorate in these days, but religion plays a very big part in politics because it so often decides the way in which the votes are cast, Protestants being in the main Unionists and Roman Catholics Nationalists. That is to say, Protestants vote for maintenance of the British connection and Roman Catholics for bringing it to an end.

The consequence of those characteristics of Ulster politics has been the absence of big swings of opinion such as often occur in Great Britain. The Northern Ireland M.P. is more fortunate than the M.P. sitting for a constituency in Great Britain, and this applies to Nationalists as well as Unionists. His majority will not suddenly and unaccountably desert him. The floating vote is practically non-existent. Changes of





(TOP.) THE IDENTIFICATION OF VOTERS, AN ESSENTIAL PRELIMINARY TO VOTING IN THE PRIMARY STAGE OF INDIRECT ELECTIONS IN THE SOUTHERN SUDAN: OFFICIALS UNDER THE TREE, AND VOTERS WAITING IN A CIRCLE. (LEFT.) CANDIDATES MARKED WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE SYMBOLS, AND (RIGHT) CANDIDATES DRAWING LOTS FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE SYMBOLS.

#### ELECTORS VOTING BY SYMBOLS IN THE SUDAN GENERAL ELECTION: SCENES DURING THE PRIMARY ELECTIONS IN KORDOFAN.

The system by which electors—many illiterate and unsophisticated—have been registering their votes in the General Election which will decide the future of the Sudan is explained on other pages, and illustrated by photographs of election rehearsals in Indirect Constituencies. Here we give photographs of scenes at actual primary elections in the Nuba Mountains of Kordofan showing an election by symbols in progress. The identification of voters, as explained elsewhere, was an essential preliminary to voting in Indirect Constituencies, and in a number of

them the electors voted by tokens or symbols. These symbols, officially selected, were allotted to candidates by means of drawing lots. Each candidate wore a representation of his symbol. Voters placed their tokens in the box marked with the symbol of their chosen candidate, the boxes being placed in a screened cubicle to safeguard the secrecy of the poll. It was reported on November 15 that some symbols used in rehearsals had been officially changed in one constituency, and that this had caused some confusion.



## HOW THE SUDAN ELECTOR REGISTERS HIS



THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION IN SESSION: MR. J. C. PENNEY (C.M.), MR. GORDON BULLI (SUDAN), EL SAYED KHALAFALLA KHALID (SUDAN), EL SAYED HASSAN ALI ABDALLAH (SECRETARY), MR. SUKUMAR SEN (INDIA; CHAIRMAN), EL SAYED ABD ES SALAM EL KHALIFA ABDULLAH (SUDAN), COLONEL ABD EL FATTAH (EGYPT) AND MR. WARWICK TERNES (U.S.) (L. TO R.).



SHOWING THE BOARDS BEARING THE SYMBOLS OF CANDIDATES: VOTERS AND TWO SUDAN POLICEMEN OUTSIDE THE POLLING STATION AT JUBA, CAPITAL OF EQUATORIA.



AN IMPORTANT PRELIMINARY: THE PRESIDING OFFICER AND HIS ASSISTANT, CANDIDATES AND OTHER OFFICIALS VERIFYING THAT THE BALLOT-BOX IS EMPTY.



CARRYING OUT CONDITIONS LAID DOWN: THE BALLOT-BOX, HAVING BEEN PROVED TO BE EMPTY, IS SEALED, LEAVING OPEN THE APERTURE FOR INSERTION OF BALLOT PAPERS.



THE IDENTIFICATION OF VOTERS: THREE LOCAL PEOPLE WITH EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF THE IDENTITY OF VOTERS ARE INVITED TO ASSIST THE PRESIDING OFFICER.

IN our last week's issue we gave drawings illustrating some of the types of Sudanese who have been voting in the first General Election ever held in the great territory. Here we are able to reproduce photographs illustrating the methods devised by the Mixed Electoral Commission appointed to make arrangements designed to ensure scrupulous fairness over this election, on the result of which the future of the Sudan depends. The Commission had to decide which territorial constituencies should have direct voting by the normal system, and which should have indirect voting, the latter being a system designed to meet the needs of constituencies where local differences of language, race, custom, degree of sophistication, or anything else might make it difficult for all voters to assess the merits to them of individual candidates. By the system of indirect voting the mass of electors choose delegates to represent them in

(Continued on right.)



THE ISSUE OF VOTING PAPERS: AFTER AN ELECTOR'S IDENTITY HAS BEEN CHECKED, HE RECEIVES A BALLOT PAPER BEARING A DISTINGUISHING MARK.

## VOTE: UNUSUAL METHODS DESIGNED TO ENSURE EQUITY.



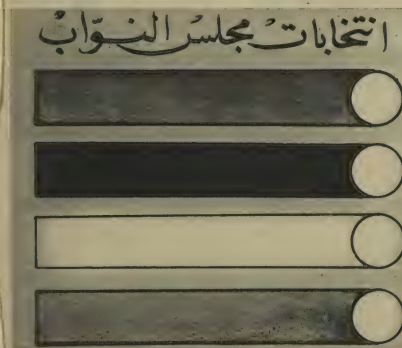
ABOUT TO DROP HIS TOKEN IN THE BOX WITH THE SYMBOL OF HIS CANDIDATE: A SOUTHERN SUDANESE.



EXAMINING THE CREDENTIALS OF A POLLING AGENT. LETTERS OF APPOINTMENT MUST BE SHOWN.



RECEIVING THE TOKEN WHICH HE WILL USE TO CAST HIS VOTE BY DROPPING IT INTO THE BOX BEARING THE SYMBOL OF HIS CHOSEN CANDIDATE: A VOTER AT JUBA.

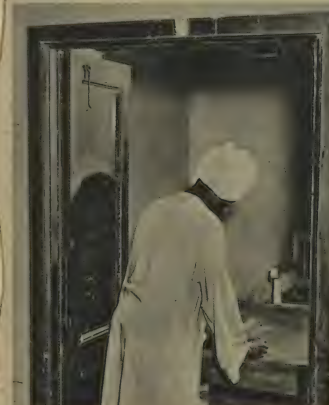


A VOTING PAPER BEARING STRIPES OF COLOUR, EACH ONE ALLOTTED TO A DIFFERENT CANDIDATE: THE ELECTOR MUST PLACE "A MARK IN THE CIRCLE.



VOTING BY BALLOT: THE VOTING-PAPER MUST BE FOLDED TO CONCEAL THE MARK MADE BY THE VOTER, BUT THE MARK OF AUTHENTICATION OFFICIALLY MADE MUST BE VISIBLE.

Continued: a small body known as an Electoral College, which in turn elects the member for the constituency. Five constituencies are voting by acclamation, which means that the validly-nominated candidates stand each in a different place. The voters then take up positions behind whichever candidate they select. In the other nineteen indirect voting constituencies scheduled for primary elections, voting is by voting tokens, each candidate having been allotted a symbol and one ballot-box having been assigned to each candidate and marked with a representation of his symbol. These boxes are placed in a screened room into which each voter enters alone. Our photographs, supplied by the Sudan Government, indicate clearly the immense care taken to devise methods by which illiterate as well as literate electors could vote.



A VOTER MARKING HIS PAPER AT A SCREENED TABLE, BEFORE DROPPING IT IN THE BOX HE MUST SHOW THE AUTHENTICATION MARK.



DECLARING THE RESULT OF THE POLL: A SOUTHERN SUDANESE STANDING ON A TABLE TO ANNOUNCE IT TO HIS COMPATRIOTS. THE SYMBOLS OF THE CANDIDATES ARE DISPLAYED ON BOARDS.





AS THE PUBLIC MAY NOW SEE IT—THE STOCK EXCHANGE IN OPERATION: A VIEW OF THE FLOOR OF THE "HOUSE" FROM THE NEW PUBLIC GALLERY.

The project of installing a gallery from which members of the public might view the Stock Exchange in operation, on the lines of that in the New York Stock Exchange, has long been under consideration. It has now been carried out, and even the small minority of members who opposed it now express approval. The gallery, which was due to open last Monday, was designed by the surveyor to the Stock Exchange, Mr. Gilbert J. Byckingham, F.R.I.B.A. It is 60 ft. long and will accommodate thirty people standing (there are no seats) in the front.

It is surrounded by plate-glass, but a vent allows some of the hubbub of the thousands of voices of members to be heard. Access to the gallery is from 8, Throgmorton Street, and before entering, visitors pass through an ante-room, where an official will answer questions. This room contains explanatory charts and literature. Our photograph shows, on the left centre, the Mining Market, which is usually the busiest and noisiest part of the "House," while in the right centre is part of the Industrial Market; and the edge of the Foreign Bond Market

is seen on the extreme right. Every market has its traditional position on the floor (area one acre) of the "House," as the Stock Exchange is called; and though no tangible boundaries divide market from market, each is definitely localised. Jobbers' price-lists are visible on the walls; and in the centre (left) a board with numbers, some illuminated, may be distinguished. Each firm is allotted a number, and when a message is received for any particular firm the appropriate number is illuminated. Attendants and doorkeepers of the Stock

Exchange answer to the call of "Walter," a custom which recalls that Jonathan's Coffee House was the general mart for stock-jobbers in the late-seventeenth century. No member of the general public is admitted to the "House" when business is in progress, though distinguished visitors are at times invited. The custom, however, of allowing members of the public to visit the Stock Exchange on Saturday mornings, when no business is done and the building is empty, was instituted in the Festival of Britain year, and has proved popular.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## MUSHROOMS AND TOADSTOOLS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

WHEN, in 1946, I retired from my Alpine Plant Nursery at Stevenage, there arose the important and fascinating problem of finding

a new home in a fresh countryside. I approached this quest with one or two ideas at the back of my mind as to what I wanted, and what I did not want. I wished to avoid any district which might be described as a dormitory for Throgmorton Street. I did not want one of those soft, fluffy counties all sand, pines, silver birch and bogus-Tudor—fond though I am of Scotch pines and silver birches. Rather than sand, I wanted rock, limestone for preference. In greater detail, I hoped to live at not less than ten miles from any golf course, but to find good fishing within reasonable reach. As a final amenity, I wanted wild mushrooms, fields and fields full of them. Not necessarily my own fields. Bull- and barbed-wire-free pastures with easy-going owners would suit my purpose admirably. Here in the Cotswolds I found what I wanted in every respect but one—the mushrooms. The nearest golf course is a good twelve miles away, good limestone rock is everywhere, and generous neighbours have given me wonderful trout. But mushrooms are scarce. There are, I believe, a few fairly good mushroom meadows in this neighbourhood, but I have yet to discover them. In the less good fields that I have visited, it has usually been a case of few and far between leavings, other addicts having got there first. Quite as sad as this scarcity of wild mushrooms is the lack of toadstools—edible fungi—in the district. The delightful little Fairy Ring mushroom or champignon, *Marasmius oreades*, which is so plentiful in many districts, is extremely rare here, and so too is the luscious and tasty Blewits, *Tricholoma personatum*. Not one single specimen of this have I found here, though I have discovered two greengrocers' shops in Cheltenham where they are on sale in season—that is, October and November—at about 1s. 6d. per lb. In a wood a couple of miles from my house I have found one spot where the beautiful Amethyst Agaric, *Tricholoma nudum*, crops up each autumn. This toadstool is as good to eat as it is beautiful to look at. Its colour is real amethyst, and in form it resembles a Gainsborough hat, with a wide, elegantly undulated brim.

A sad tale indeed of mycological poverty for one who for long has made a mild hobby of feasting on edible fungi. As far as I can remember, I have eaten fourteen or fifteen different species of mushroom or toadstool, most of which I have identified with the aid of the descriptions and the extremely good coloured illustrations in the Bulletin No. 23, "Edible and Poisonous Fungi," published by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

Recently, in early November, I spent a few days at a farm near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, and there, under an elm-tree near the house, I came upon a great colony of Blewits. Not only did I enjoy a mild orgy of them there, but I returned with a dozen or two picked specimens for home consumption. It is uncommonly good eating. A large, fleshy toadstool, it must be given slow cooking in a frying-pan to draw off and dry off the rather abundant liquid with which it is filled. The flavour is reminiscent of mild curry.

By an odd coincidence, I found awaiting me, on my return with my harvest of Blewits, a new book on fungi, "Mushrooms and Toadstools," by John Ramsbottom (published by Collins at 30s.). This supplies a long-felt want—long felt by me, at any rate. I have not read the whole of this exhaustive and authoritative book, and probably I never shall. Much of it is highly technical. It is, in fact, a scientific work, by one who is probably our greatest authority on the subject. But I have browsed, and read enough to find what an intensely interesting book it is. Amongst other things there is a chapter on the cultivation of mushrooms and the production of mushroom "spawn." It is interesting to learn that the cultivated mushroom of commerce is a distinct thing from the wild field mushroom. I had always suspected as much. The

cultivated mushroom is excellent in texture and consistency, but compared with wild meadow mushrooms it has precious little flavour, especially when gathered, as it usually is, in the button or the half-developed stage. Left until fully open and expanded—as they seldom or never are for sale in the shops—they do develop a little flavour, though it is never as full as in the wild ones.

The illustrations in "Mushrooms and Toadstools" are exceptionally good. Many of those from colour photographs are quite outstandingly beautiful.

I first started eating fungi other than mushrooms in South Africa some fifty years ago. Working on a fruit farm at the Cape I one

day met some Italian peasants collecting strange-looking fungi which they assured me were a great delicacy. A few days later I collected and brought home some of these fungi. But my boss on the farm was horrified, and forbade my using any of his utensils to cook them in. So I stewed them up with a little meat in a large tin which had contained some sort of canned food, and, by way of safety first, tried them out on a rather unpopular farm dog. When he came up smiling next day I waded in myself. They were delicious. I discovered later that they were some species of *Boletus*, possibly *B. edulis*, the cèpe which is such a delicacy on the Continent. I also discovered why my boss had been so against my eating them. Some coolies working on a neighbouring farm had recently collected and eaten some sort of "mushrooms" and had died; quite a bunch of them, under exceptionally grisly circumstances.

At Stevenage I used to collect great quantities of the little Fairy Ring mushrooms and dry them for winter use. Plumped up again in a little tepid water they gave off a wonderful aroma of pure mushroom, and were excellent for flavouring omelettes, and for mushrooms on toast. The giant puffball is good to eat if gathered whilst still youngish, with firm, white flesh. Cut into slices and fried it is quite pleasant if not very interesting. The Shaggy Caps, *Coprinus comatus*, is very pleasant and delicate if gathered and cooked young. As it ages it melts away into a mush of black ink. The Parasol Mushroom, *Lepiota procera*, is another delicious species.

In a wood at Stevenage I used to find a very strange-looking toadstool, the Horn of Plenty, *Craterellus cornucopioides*. It grew in tufts or clusters of erect 4- to 5-in. trumpets, dark brown or almost black on the inside, and dull, dark lead colour on the outside. Raw, they were crisp, with a delicate mushroom flavour. Cooked, they tasted as I feel sure leaf-mould would taste. Probably the method of cooking was at fault, for at one time this curious, rather dramatic-looking fungus was sold in Covent Garden Market.

Only once have I found that strange-looking fungus *Sparassis crispa*. I was fishing in the lake at Knebworth, and found, at the foot of a Scotch pine, a fungoid growth that looked exactly like a very large bath sponge. To eat, it was much nicer than a sponge. Crisper. In fact, it was rather good, with a pleasantly delicate mushroom flavour, and the charm of extreme novelty.

I first met that great delicacy the Morel, *Morchella esculenta*, when staying with the late Professor Saunders at Clinton, in U.S.A. A fine crop of them came up under an old apple-tree in the professor's garden, and they looked strangely like withered apples, tough, brown; and deeply wrinkled. But how good they were to eat! I once found a few Morels in my garden at Stevenage, but only once. They too were growing under an old apple-tree. My most memorable encounter with Morels was in the spring of 1939. I was motoring with a friend across France to the Maritime Alps. It was a Sunday, and we stopped for lunch at a rather unpromising-looking wayside restaurant. We were given, among other notable dishes, a great tureen of Morels stewed in cream!

Truffles I have never found growing—embedded, as is their habit, in mother earth. Embedded in goose's liver and such-like delicacies, yes. Truffle-hunting with specially trained dogs, or pigs, must be a delightful occupation, and how rewarding when successful! I remember reading, some years ago, an account of a very famous truffle-hunting pig in the district of Périgieux. Her name was Lulu. For some time I was sorely tempted to go out to Périgieux to eat truffles, and hunt for truffles, if possible in company with Lulu. Alas, it proved one of those many delightful holidays which one plans, but which never come off. It's too late now. In one way or another, Lulu must for a certainty have become dead.



THE PARASOL MUSHROOM, *LEPIOTA PROCERA*, "IS ANOTHER DELICIOUS SPECIES." ITS STEM MAY BE TEN OR TWELVE INCHES HIGH AND THE CAP SIX TO EIGHT INCHES ACROSS, COVERED WITH SHAGGY REDDISH-BROWN OR GREYISH-BROWN SCALES. IT CAN BE DRIED FOR WINTER USE.



THE FLY AGARIC AS THE TREE OF GOOD AND EVIL. A FRESCO FROM A DISUSED CHURCH AT PLAINCOURAULT, INDRE, FRANCE, DATING FROM ABOUT 1291, AND SHOWING THE SERPENT COILED ROUND A CURIOUSLY-BRANCHED *AMANITA MUSCARIA*, WITH EVE PRESUMABLY SUFFERING FROM THE EFFECTS THEREOF.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Mushrooms and Toadstools," by John Ramsbottom; by Courtesy of the Publishers, William Collins and Sons, Ltd.

Although I have browsed fairly extensively through this book, especially among those species of edible fungi which interest me most, I have come upon few comments on the respective merits and flavours of the various edible toadstools, nor have I found any directions for cooking them. Perhaps in a scientific work of this nature such details are hardly to be expected, valuable though they would be.



# A GREAT ARAB MONARCH AND STATESMAN: THE LATE KING IBN SA'UD, AND THE NEW KING OF SAUDI ARABIA.



BUILT IN 1938 OUTSIDE THE CITY OF RIYADH: THE PALACE OF THE LATE KING IBN SA'UD, SHOWING THE COURTYARD OF THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS.



INSPECTING A MODERN FORM OF TRANSPORT IN WHICH HE TOOK A KEEN INTEREST: THE LATE KING IBN SA'UD EMERGING FROM AN AIRCRAFT.



AT HOME WITH SOME OF HIS YOUNGER SONS AND COURT OFFICIALS: A HAPPY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE KING IBN SA'UD OF SAUDI ARABIA.

King Abdul-Aziz Ibn Sa'ud, King of the Hejaz and of Nejd and its dependencies, died at Riyadh on November 9 at the age of seventy-three. His end came peacefully and suddenly; he had been ill for some time with heart trouble. The greatest contemporary figure in the Arab world, the late King Ibn Sa'ud welded lawless warring tribal elements into a nation which he united securely under his rule. In a message of condolence to the new King of Saudi Arabia, Sir Winston Churchill said that the late King's "long friendship with the British people in war and in peace has been a matter of satisfaction to us, and his statesmanship was a source



MOURNED IN BRITAIN AS WELL AS BY THE WHOLE ISLAMIC WORLD: THE LATE KING IBN SA'UD, WHO DIED AT RIYADH ON NOVEMBER 9 AND WAS BURIED THERE ON THE SAME DAY.



THE NEW KING OF SAUDI ARABIA: KING SA'UD IBN ABDUL-AZIZ, WHO WAS FORMALLY DECLARED HEIR APPARENT IN 1933.

of strength to the whole world." Immediately after the death of King Ibn Sa'ud his eldest son, Sa'ud Ibn Abdul-Aziz, was proclaimed King, having been formally declared heir apparent on June 15, 1933. His brother, Prince Feisal, has been proclaimed his successor as Crown Prince. The late King Ibn Sa'ud lived according to the laws of Islam and married frequently—often for purely political reasons—and divorced freely; he never had more than four wives at one time, but is believed to have had no fewer than 150 altogether, by whom he had a very large number of acknowledged children.



# FRENCH 19TH AND 20TH CENTURY ART: MASTERPIECES NOW ON VIEW IN A LONDON EXHIBITION.



THE series of exhibitions which Arthur Tooth have made a custom of holding annually under the title of "Recent Acquisitions" is this year continued with a display which was due to open on Nov. 17 at their Bruton Street Galleries, and to continue until the end of the year. The works which are shown include a number of French nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century masterpieces, some of which are illustrated on this page; and paintings of the

[Continued below.]

(LEFT.)  
"FEMMES AU CAFÉ"; BY J. L. FORAIN (1852-1931), c. 1902. EXHIBITED IN 1945 IN THE RETROSPECTIVE SHOW OF HIS WORK. (Pastel; 16½ by 22 ins.)



"PROFIL DE FEMME"; BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (1864-1901), A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF HIS FINE DRAUGHTSMANSHIP. FORMERLY IN THE GUERIN COLLECTION. (Crayon; 13½ by 9½ ins.)



"LES CHARDONS"; BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1853-1890). A PAINTING OF THE ARLES PERIOD, FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF ALPHONSE KANN. (Canvas; 16 by 13 ins.)



"LA LEÇON DE DANSE"; BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917). THE FIRST VERSION OF A FINE PASTEL BY DEGAS NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF WESTERN ART, MOSCOW. (Pastel; 19 by 24½ ins.)



"SANNOIS"; BY MAURICE UTRILLO (b. 1883). PAINTED IN 1912, THE "WHITE PERIOD." SIGNED IN THE LEFT-HAND CORNER. (Canvas; 24 by 32 ins.)

Continued.]  
British School. The Forain pastel, "Femmes au Café," is a particularly fine example of the art of this painter. It was shown in the retrospective exhibition of his work at the Palais de Tokio, Paris, in 1945. The masterly Toulouse-Lautrec is an example of vivid portraiture, and will form an interesting comparison to



"LA FORÊT DE FONTAINEBLEAU"; BY P. A. RENOIR (1841-1919). PAINTED c. 1865, A VERY EARLY WORK SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF COURBET AND COROT. (Canvas; 21½ by 32 ins.)

the Toulouse-Lautrec drawings reproduced in our Christmas Number, which is now on sale. The Degas, "La Leçon de Danse," is the first version of a lovely work by this artist in the Museum of Western Art, Moscow, which few Western Europeans are likely to see.



## LANDSCAPE AND PORTRAITURE: IN THE FRENCH AND BRITISH MANNER.



"A DISTANT VIEW OF CORNARD"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). PAINTED c. 1754, JUST PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND. (Canvas: 30 by 60½ ins.)



"MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE"; BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (1769-1830), ONE OF THE ONLY TWO KNOWN LANDSCAPES BY HIM; ALMOST CERTAINLY PAINTED IN DOVEDALE. (Paper on Canvas; 17½ by 27 ins.)



"WOODLAND WITH DEER"; BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (1769-1830), A PAIR TO "MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE," AND ONE OF THE ONLY TWO KNOWN LAWRENCE LANDSCAPES. (Paper on Canvas; 17½ by 27 ins.)



"LA FEMME DE L'ARTISTE"; BY PAUL AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). PAINTED IN 1910 IN HIS LATE MANNER. (Canvas; 32 by 25½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT DE JEUNE FILLE"; BY A. MODIGLIANI (1884-1920). PAINTED IN 1919. (Canvas; 24 by 15 ins.)



"A LADY IN A PINK DRESS"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN FRANCE. (Canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)

The important exhibition of "Recent Acquisitions VIII" at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries in Bruton Street, which was due to open on November 17, includes some beautiful British landscapes. Gainsborough's "Distant View of Cornard," a village on the Stour, near Sudbury, was painted when he was in his twenties, much influenced by the Dutch Masters, especially Wynants. "Mountainous Landscape" and "Woodland with Deer" are the only two known landscapes by Lawrence, almost certainly painted in Dovedale during his visit to Ilam, the

first being a view of the Dale towards Thorpe Cloud, and the other showing the subterranean source of a tributary of the Manifold River. Both were engraved by T. Lupton in 1834. The Gainsborough portrait of "A Lady in a Pink Dress" was painted when the artist first came to London, c. 1775, and all records of it are missing since it appeared in the Munro of Novar sale at Christie's in 1867. It was recently discovered in France, where it had been for fifty years, attributed to Reynolds. It was engraved by J. Scott in 1870.



# THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF MYCENAE, AND NEW LIGHT ON "THE TOMB OF ATREUS."

By PROFESSOR A. J. B. WACE, Leader of the British Expedition to Mycenae.

This is the second of two articles by Professor Wace, the first of which appeared in our issue of November 14, on the 1953 excavations at Mycenae. These excavations were supported by a research grant from the American Philosophical Society and by contributions from the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, the British Academy, the Bollingen Foundation and the British School at Athens. The photographs are by Miss Elizabeth Wace (Figs. 3-15) and Miss Alison Frantz (Figs. 1 and 2).

IN the two houses, in addition to the carved ivories, other important finds were made. In the House of Shields, in the same room with the ivories, a fine series of stone vases was discovered. Three of them are complete (Fig. 5) and are magnificent specimens of Mycenaean lapidary workmanship. They are all of a veined stone, probably a form of serpentine. One is in two pieces, the neck being made separately from the body and there is a lid in the same stone. The body was cut out with a hollow drill and the traces of the process can be seen clearly on the inside of the body. The neck was worked separately because it would have been virtually impossible to drill out the body through the narrow opening. The vases are undoubtedly of Mycenaean manufacture. Two other stone vases have been partially put together from fragments, and one of these is brilliantly worked. There are fragments of at least five more, and many pieces show that they had been exposed to the effects

kinds and uses. Against one wall were plain earthenware vases which seem definitely to have been intended for domestic or kitchen use (Figs. 8, 14). Notable among them are three-legged cooking-pots (Fig. 7) and funnels of curious shape (Fig. 6). With them were many good vases of excellent fabric, with painted decoration (Fig. 10) which dates them to the thirteenth century B.C. Since these vases were in the house when it was burnt, we can date the house and its contents generally to the same century. Along another wall were unpainted drinking-cups and bowls. All

writing and reading were generally known to the citizens of Mycenae and that their use was not confined to the kings and their officers, the priesthood and the tax-gatherers. Another fact of considerable importance also emerges. The existence of large and wealthy houses at Mycenae in this area, well outside the protection of the Cyclopean walls of the citadel implies that at this time, the thirteenth century B.C., Mycenae was not only rich and prosperous, but also enjoyed profound peace. Were there any risk of attack, no one would venture to build or furnish such large and rich houses outside the defences of the acropolis. The distinction sometimes drawn between the undefended palaces of Crete and the strong castles of the mainland falls to the ground, for apparently the Mycenaeans on the mainland lived in no fear of attack by land or sea.

In the prehistoric cemetery just outside the Lion Gate to the west, more graves were discovered, and three of these, with another found elsewhere, throw interesting light on the continuity of culture at Mycenae from the end of the Bronze Age into the early Iron Age. One of the graves belongs to the latest phase of the Mycenaean civilisation at the close of the Bronze Age and dates from the twelfth century B.C. In it two characteristic vases were found, a small jug and a bowl typical of the so-called Granary style. Next in date is a grave (sunk in the ruins of the House of

Shields) of the opening of the Iron Age, with proto-Geometric pottery. The two vases (Fig. 13), a large amphora with concentric circles and a small, duck-like vase with three legs and simple linear ornament, carry on the tradition. Following these comes a series of nineteen vases found with a large cist grave. Fourteen vases were piled on top of the covering slabs and the other five were inside the cist (Fig. 4), with an iron dagger and pin and a bronze pin and ring. It is

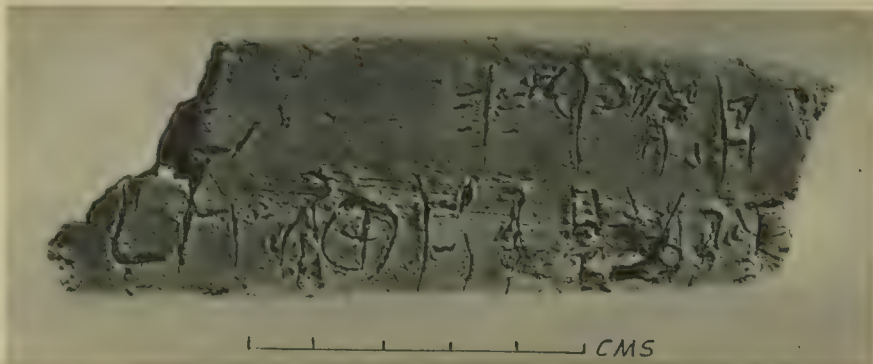


FIG. 1. AN INSCRIBED CLAY TABLET FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF SHIELDS. IT IS IN MYCENAEAN LINEAR B SCRIPT. WITH THIS DISCOVERY, INSCRIBED TABLETS HAVE NOW BEEN FOUND IN ALL THREE ADJACENT HOUSES.

the vases seem to be unused, and it may be suggested that this was a special household storeroom. The likeness observed between the ivories in this house and those in the House of Shields indicates that both houses flourished in the same period, the thirteenth century B.C., the date also determined for the House of the Oil Merchant.

It will be remembered that last year, in the House of the Oil Merchant, inscribed clay tablets were found, and the question is certain to be asked whether there was evidence of writing in either the House of Shields or the House of Sphinxes. Fortunately, we can answer definitely in the affirmative. In the former house, together with the ivories and stone vases, there was a clay tablet (Fig. 1) inscribed in the Mycenaean Linear B Script, like those from the Oil Merchant's House. In the House of Sphinxes, in the doorway of the storeroom which contained the unused vases, there were seven clay seal impressions (Fig. 2) all from the same signet, which bears the design of a man standing between two wild goats. The impressions are of the usual type, triangular in section, with string-holes. On their backs are incised inscriptions, all different, in the Linear B Mycenaean Script. Since the impressions were found all together in the door-

way, it is possible that they had sealed cords which had been used to fasten the door of the storeroom. The inscriptions, then, might perhaps be the names or signatures of witnesses to the sealing of the room. The important fact, however, is that we have now clear evidence of writing in each of the three houses in this row of large private houses. This confirms beyond all doubt that

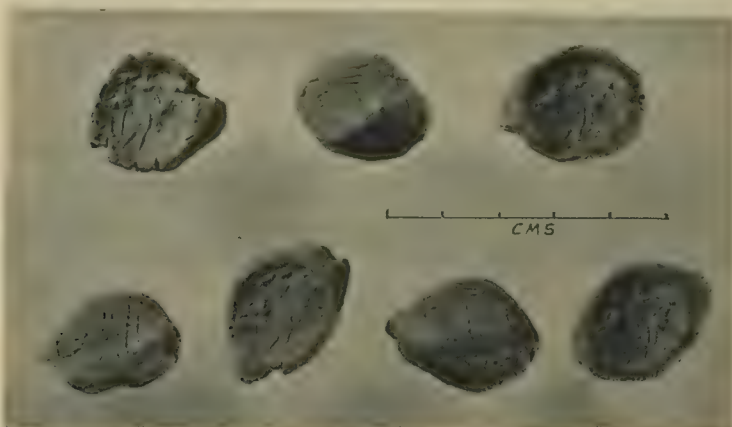


FIG. 2. SEVEN CLAY SEALS FOUND IN THE DOORWAY OF THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES. ALL BEAR THE SAME IMPRESSION—A MAN BETWEEN TWO GOATS—AND ALL BEAR INCISED INSCRIPTIONS ON THE REVERSE. THREE REVERSES ARE SHOWN.

of fire and had obviously suffered in the conflagration which destroyed the house. One fragment has two silver studs on the rim, indicating that it had probably originally had a silver lid. Another fragment of a whitish stone, which also shows the effects of fire, has shallow sinkings drilled in the surface for the insertion of inlays of coloured stone (Fig. 3). Several pieces of such inlay in slices of crystal or variegated stones were found. With these Mycenaean stone bowls was part of a vessel of Egyptian work in banded alabaster of a characteristic XVIIIth Dynasty shape. With this were several fragments of faience vases, most of which have unluckily suffered much from fire. They seem, however, to be not of Egyptian, but more probably of Syrian or Phoenician origin. There are pieces of a wide open bowl on a low foot and, in much better condition, a few small pieces of polychrome faience. One is a handle with ornament in red, yellow and blue. A small fragment shows the eagle head of a griffin in pale blue, and another the body of a lion or some feline quadruped in yellow.

In the House of Sphinxes the walls of the basement corridor and of all the rooms were of rubble set in shallow trenches cut in the rock. The rubble walls were, except in one room, unplastered, but their doorways seem to have had wooden thresholds as described by Homer, and wooden jambs, for the end of a beam for a threshold still survives, much charred, set in the base of the jamb of the north-west room. In the north-east room the floor and walls were covered with clay plaster, and this room had obviously served as a special storeroom. Against the north wall was a low bench, and on and in front of it lay several curious bars of clay, triangular in section. Between the north-west corner and the door is a row of three large rounds of clay of unknown purpose. In the same room, in addition to many pieces of carved ivory, were numbers of vases, painted and unpainted, which seem to have been arranged according to their

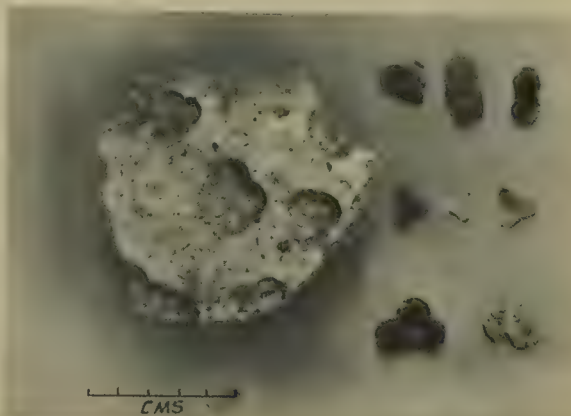


FIG. 3. A FRAGMENT OF WHITISH STONE WITH DRILLED SHAPES TO TAKE STONE INLAYS; AND EIGHT SHAPED PIECES OF CRYSTAL AND COLOURED STONE, PRESUMABLY USED FOR SUCH STONE INLAY WORK. FROM THE HOUSE OF SHIELDS.

interesting to note that the vases in the grave appear somewhat more advanced in style than those outside (Figs. 9, 11, 14). Many of the painted vases seem to be the products of the same workshop. In the group there are several plain vases (Fig. 12) which are of excellent fabric, and among these is an example of the "Pie Ware," so called from its likeness to decorative pastry (Fig. 9). The occurrence of these plain vases with the painted vases shows that they are presumably contemporary. This series of graves is valuable because they give us the sequence of styles and show that there was no archaeological break in the culture of Mycenae at the end of the Bronze Age. Rather, there was a steady evolution from the age of Bronze to that of Iron, just as there was in Attica. The effects of the Dorian Invasion have been unduly magnified by historians. The archaeological facts suggest that there was no definite racial or cultural break, but only a political revolution. The citadel of Mycenae was burnt at the end of the Bronze Age, but there was no real interruption in its civilization.

Finally, this year's work has solved a problem: that of a fine, well-built wall of soft limestone in ashlar which runs southward across the ridge from the west end of the Perseia Fountain House. (See map in previous article; *Illustrated London News*, November 14, 1953.) It appears that this wall served as a supporting wall on the east side for the base of the mound of earth which covered the dome of the beehive tomb called the "Tomb of Clytemnestra." The rock dips on the east and so a wall was needed. On the west the rock rises and no wall was necessary. The mound was covered with a layer of clay to make it waterproof. The "Tomb of Clytemnestra" was broken into from the top of the dome by Veli Pasha in 1808. Travellers like Leake (1806) and Gell (1801-06) never saw the tomb, but the latter noted a tumulus at this point. It is conceivable that this tumulus was pointed out to Pausanias in the second century A.D. as the "Tomb of Atreus."

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 4. AN IRON AGE CIST GRAVE FOUND IN THE PREHISTORIC CEMETERY. AS WELL AS THE FIVE VASES SEEN INSIDE *in situ*, FOURTEEN OTHERS HAD BEEN PILED ON TOP OF THE COVERING SLABS.



# DOMESTIC POTS AND FUNERARY VASES, FROM AGAMEMNON'S CAPITAL, MYCENÆ.



FIG. 5. THREE FINE AND INTACT STONE VASES, PROBABLY OF SERPENTINE, FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF SHIELDS. THE CENTRE ONE IS MADE IN TWO PIECES.



FIG. 6. TWO CURIOUS VESSELS, FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES, PROBABLY USED AS FUNNELS, WITH THE BALLOONED PART SERVING TO CATCH ANY OVERFLOW.



FIG. 7. A FINE THREE-LEGGED COOKING-POT OF GOOD DESIGN, FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES, IN A ROOM WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A STOREROOM.



FIG. 8. COOKING OR KITCHEN VESSELS OF TWO TYPES, TYPICAL OF THE LARGE QUANTITY FOUND IN THE STOREROOM OF THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES.

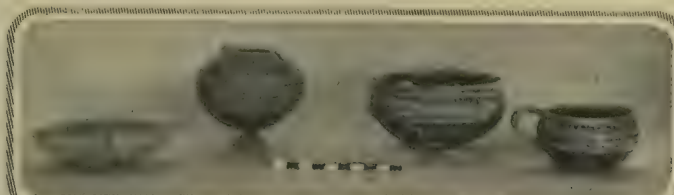


FIG. 9. VASES FROM THE IRON AGE GRAVE (FIG. 4). THREE SMALL POTS PAINTED IN GEOMETRIC STYLE AND A SMALL DISH OF SO-CALLED "PIE-WARE" (LEFT).



FIG. 10. A MUG OF EXCELLENT DESIGN AND FABRIC WITH AN EFFECTIVE PAINTED PATTERN, DATING FROM THE 13TH CENTURY B.C., FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES.



FIG. 11. A TWO-HANDLED BOWL FROM THE IRON AGE GRAVE. THE PAINTED PATTERN, THOUGH MAINLY GEOMETRIC, INCLUDES PANELS OF THREE BIRDS.



FIG. 12. A TREFOIL-MOUTHED JUG OF PLAIN WARE, FOUND IN AN IRON AGE BURIAL AND PRESUMABLY CONTEMPORARY WITH THE PAINTED WARE.



FIG. 13. TWO PAINTED VASES, OF THE OPENING OF THE IRON AGE, BUT CARRYING ON THE TRADITION, FOUND IN A GRAVE SUNK IN THE RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF SHIELDS.



FIG. 14. FROM AN IRON AGE BURIAL. A BOWL AND WINE JUG, WITH TWISTED HANDLE. AMONG THE GREEK KEY AND SWASTIKA DESIGNS ON BOTH CAN BE SEEN FORMALISED BIRDS.

*Continued.*

A beehive tomb, if visible, would have been called a treasury by Pausanias, but a mound with a ring wall at its foot would probably have been called a tomb. So Pausanias mentions in Arcadia the Tomb of Æpytus, which Homer knew, and says: "It is a mound of earth of no great size surrounded by a basement of stone." If this identification of the Tomb of Atreus can be accepted, we shall now be able to identify all the monuments pointed out to Pausanias at Mycenæ. Further research shows that the neighbouring beehive tomb, called the "Tomb of Ægisthus," was covered with a mound of earth waterproofed with clay. A



FIG. 15. LIDS OF COOKING-VESSELS, FOUND WITH MANY OTHER DOMESTIC POTS IN WHAT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN A STOREROOM OF THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES.

similar mound, supported by a wall at its base, stood above the "Treasury of Atreus," as shown by our excavations in 1939. Thus we have fresh light on the construction of the great beehive tombs. Their domes were covered by conical mounds of earth protected by layers of waterproof clay and about 25 metres in radius for the largest tombs. So patient and unspectacular digging accompanied by careful observation has helped to elucidate an important structural point of the large beehive tombs which are one of the great features of Mycenæ.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### JOHN RAY: FATHER OF BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE Ray Society has just issued its 137th volume, the second volume on "British Spiders," by G. H. Locket and A. F. Millidge, the first having been issued two years ago. The 137 volumes published by this Society in the 109 years of its existence represent a contribution of roughly 100,000 books devoted mainly to the study of British natural history, an achievement the greater in that it is the result solely of voluntary effort and that in no instance has it published a second edition. If the Society is relatively unknown, then it is in keeping with the history of the man after whom it was named, for John Ray, "the father of natural history in this country" and "the greatest botanist in the memory of man," was born in obscurity and his name has never achieved a household familiarity. Even the date of his birth is given as "probably on 29 Nov."

It was Dr. George Johnston, of Berwick-on-Tweed, a doctor by profession and a naturalist by hobby, who realised that, with the growing interest in science, and especially natural history, there was a need for publishing works of merit devoted to the British flora and fauna. Then, as now, there was a gap in scientific publication which was represented by those works too large for inclusion in the scientific periodicals yet having insufficient appeal to the commercial publisher. So, in 1844, the necessary society was founded to ensure the publication of such works. In this Johnston, clearly a man of energy and drive, was helped by other distinguished naturalists, among them Sir William Jardine, Edward Forbes, Richard Owen and J. S. Bowerbank. As a result of a brief circular explaining the aims of the proposed society, 650 members were enrolled, at a subscription of one guinea a year, a figure, incidentally, which has never been increased.

The first volume published was devoted to reports on the progress of zoology and botany during the years 1841 and 1842. This was followed by a monograph on the British Nudibranchiate Mollusca by Alder and Hancock, and following these have come, more or less each year, a work destined to be a standard volume. The field covered by these volumes includes monographs on the Rhizopoda, Foraminifera, Sponges, Sea-anemones, Hydroids, Annelids, Cirripedes, Copepods, Mysids, Spiders, Mites, Insects, Amphibia, Whales, Desmids, Charophyta, Lichens, and so on.

At no time in the history of publishing has the number of books devoted to natural history formed so large a percentage of the total output as in the years since the ending of World War II. The standard achieved is good and in many instances high. Concurrently, there has never been a time when there were so many scientific journals devoted to the same subject. In fact, with the accumulation of literature of the last century combined with the volumes produced each year, at the present time the amount of printed matter available to the research worker and the dilettante is more than adequate; it is overwhelming. In some subjects, notably for birds and flowering plants, and to some extent for mammals and insects, it is not difficult to find a book readily accessible in which knowledge is summarised. For the greater part of the animal kingdom and for certain parts of the plant kingdom, however, it is necessary, if one wishes to make a survey,



THE "FATHER OF BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY" AND "THE GREATEST BOTANIST WITHIN THE MEMORY OF MAN": JOHN RAY (1627-1705), THE SON OF A BLACKSMITH, AFTER WHOM THE RAY SOCIETY WAS NAMED IN 1844—A BUST BY ROUBILIAC AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

to go to the original scientific papers. This is both laborious and time-consuming, and at the end of the search there is no guarantee that all the available literature has been consulted. It is in precisely such fields that the Ray Society fills the need. It was precisely in these fields also that John Ray himself worked.

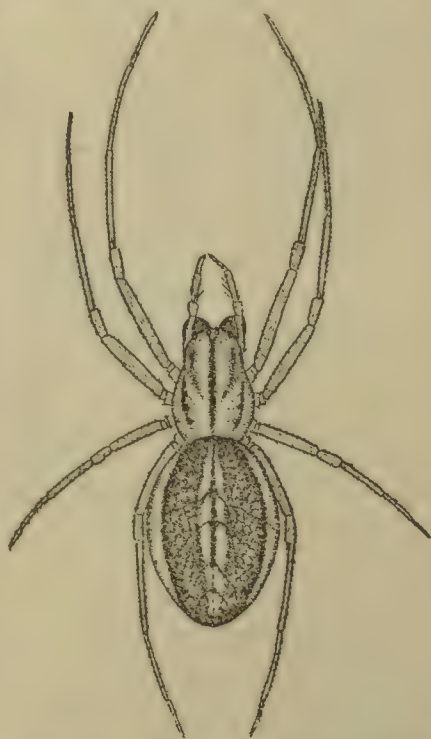
John Ray was born in 1627, the son of a blacksmith, at Black Notley, near Braintree, Essex. First educated at Braintree Grammar School, he went to Catherine Hall, Cambridge, in 1644, "at the cost of a Squire Wyvill." Whatever promise he may have shown as a youth, to attract the attention of this discerning squire, was completely fulfilled in the subsequent story of his life. In 1646 he migrated

from Catherine Hall to Trinity College, graduating B.A. in 1647. From then on he seems to have been able to adapt himself to the widest academic tasks. Among other things, he held lecturerships in Greek and mathematics, was appointed humanity reader and, in 1660, was ordained a deacon and a priest. By that time, however, he had made his first botanical tour, through the Midland counties and North Wales. From this resulted his "*Catalogus plantarum*," enumerating 626 species of plants, the first catalogue of the plants of a district issued in this country. In 1661, Ray made a second tour, in the company of one of his pupils, Francis Willoughby, this time through Northumberland. The following year he once more toured the Midlands and North Wales, returning through Cornwall, Devon and the south-western counties.

In 1662, Ray and Willoughby collaborated in a systematic description of the whole organic world, a labour that no one to-day would dream of attempting. With three others, they toured the Continent collecting materials and notes, Willoughby concentrating his attention on the animals. It was Willoughby's death, ten years later, that marked a turning-point in Ray's life, for not only was he left an annuity of £60 a year, but in editing his friend's zoological works he broadened the scope of his own knowledge and writings. From botany and zoology he passed, in 1690, to entomology, and his history and classification of insects has been said to have "combined the system of Aristotle with that of Schwammerdam and cleared the way for Linnaeus." Indeed, Cuvier, speaking of this classification, describes it as forming the basis of all modern zoology, and Ray himself as the first true systematist of the animal kingdom.

It is difficult to avoid a comparison between the man Ray and the Society which perpetuates his name. The man would appear to have been always on the edge of adversity, after the tremendous start given him by Squire Wyvill, and always there came the benefactions of his friends. His health later troubled him; as he put it himself, he was "one who is subject to colds, and whose lungs are apt to be affected." Yet he went on, leaving the world a formidable list of manuscripts and published works.

The Ray Society reached a membership, at the end of its first three years, of 868, and during the course of its history its lists of members have included, apart from the names of many informed amateurs,



PACHYNATHA CLERCKI, A SPIDER COMMON AMONG GRASS AND PLANT STEMS THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH ISLES: A LINE-DRAWING FROM THE LATEST (137TH) VOLUME OF THE RAY SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS. THE DRAWING IS FROM "BRITISH SPIDERS," VOL. II., BY G. H. LOCKET AND A. F. MILLIDGE.



FROM A MONOGRAPH ON THE BRITISH NUDIBRANCHIATE MOLLUSCA, BY JOSHUA ALDER AND ALBANY HANCOCK, A STANDARD WORK ON THE SUBJECT EVEN NOW: A LITHOGRAPHED DRAWING OF A NUDIBRANCH MOLLUSC FROM THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED VOLUME (1845) IN THE RAY SOCIETY'S SERIES ON BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY.

#### FOR THE CHRISTMAS LIST.

The annual problems of Christmas shopping will soon have to be solved and gifts for relatives and friends chosen. A solution may be found in two ways: either by ordering a copy of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, which has been on sale in its familiar red and gold cover since November 19 (price 3s. 6d.; 3s. 10d. including postage), or by taking out a subscription for the year or half-year in the friend's or relative's name. The first will prove an acceptable gift in the Christmas season, while the second will serve to remind the recipient of the donor's affection over a longer period and provide weeks of pleasure. No gift will be appreciated more by those overseas than a subscription to this paper. Orders for the Christmas Number and for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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those of Darwin, Huxley, Avebury, Hooker, Gould, Lyell, Yarrell, Stainton and Charles Kingsley. The Prince Consort himself was a subscriber, and his name heads the list for 1860. Other fluctuations in its fortunes apart, the incidence of two world wars, the rising costs of production and other adverse circumstances almost brought the Society to an end in 1941, but financial assistance—resembling the annuity made to the Society's eponym—gave it a fresh impetus. Its membership now stands at 431, a surprisingly low figure in view of the increased population of the country and the greater interest in natural history. Even so, the Ray Society is looking forward with confidence to the future.



## THE FOUNDER OF MODERN TURKEY REBURIED.



THE FOUNDER OF MODERN TURKEY IS TAKEN TO HIS LAST RESTING-PLACE: THE CORTÈGE PASSING THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS OF ANKARA.



DURING THE ORATION DELIVERED BY THE PRESIDENT: THE COFFIN ON A CATAFALQUE IN FRONT OF THE MAUSOLEUM BEFORE THE INTERMENT CEREMONY.



ABOUT TO PLACE THE COFFIN OF KEMAL ATATURK ON THE GUN-CARRIAGE: PALL-BEARERS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL GUARD AT THE ETHNOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

On November 10 the coffin of Kemal Ataturk, the founder of Modern Turkey, was taken from the Ethnological Museum in Ankara, where it had lain since 1938, and carried on a gun-carriage drawn by eighty soldiers and flanked by twelve generals, to the new mausoleum on a hill dominating the city, where it was interred in a vault. Vast crowds assembled to pay tribute to the great statesman in the streets and at the mausoleum, which has taken nine years to build. An oration was delivered by President Celal Bayar in the square in front of the mausoleum where the coffin was placed on a catafalque. The entire Government and diplomats of many countries were gathered for the ceremony. The mausoleum was designed by two Turkish architects and is surrounded by a park in which trees from many lands are being planted, those from the Commonwealth including Scots pines and oaks.

## HOLLAND'S DYKES: THE LAST GAP SEALED.

On November 6 the last gap torn in Holland's sea defences by the high seas of last February was sealed at Ouwerkerk and the task of pumping the flood-water from the drowned island of Schouwen-Duiveland could begin. The dykes have been repaired by using 500 concrete caissons with a maximum weight of 180 tons and eight *Phanix* caissons obtained from the British Admiralty. These caissons were manœuvred into position across the gaps and then sunk on to a bed of steel torpedo-netting and finally sealed by sinking large mats of brushwood loaded with heavy stones at their bases. About 11,000 dyke labourers have been employed on this work at various places, together with a fleet of tugs, dredgers, cranes and other craft. The final stages of the work were watched by Queen Juliana and her eldest daughter, Princess Beatrix, from a yacht, and its completion was signalled by flares and the blowing of sirens.



LOADING BRUSHWOOD MATS WITH HEAVY BOULDERS TO SEAL THE BASE OF THE CAISSONS: DYKE LABOURERS AT WORK AT OUWERKERK, SCHOUWEN-DUIVELAND.



SEALING THE LAST GAP IN HOLLAND'S DYKE DEFENCES: BARGES LOADED WITH STONES ARRIVING ALONGSIDE A CAISSON AT OUWERKERK.



SHOWING THE BRUSHWOOD MATS, OR RAFTS, WHICH WERE SUNK TO SEAL THE BASE OF THE CAISSONS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE OPERATIONS.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## ROYAL SUITE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

YOU may never have met a Table of Precedence in a theatre programme. Indeed, it is hardly a familiar decoration. There have been family trees and sketch maps. We are told, as a rule, who executed the costumes and supplied the cigarettes; but until I opened the elegant programme of "The Sleeping Prince" (Phoenix), I cannot remember having found so agreeably formal a list as one that begins: "An occasional fairy-tale . . . concerning (in strict order of precedence) the following personages."

These personages, when you examine them, are precisely right for an occasional fairy-tale. There is a King. There is a Prince Regent. There are Grand Duchess and Archduchess. So we go on until we get to the bottom and find a "Miss Mary Morgan, whose stage name (to avoid confusion) is Elaine Dagenham." After the play is over, we realise that Miss Morgan-Dagenham should have been at the head of the list: it would have been only reasonable in an occasional fairy-tale.

By now I am sure that many people, with the solemnity of the Prince Regent himself, will be putting together tables of precedence of the Rattigan plays—tables that begin with "The Deep Blue Sea" and end with the present comedy. Humbly, I implore them not to do this. I don't say that it would not have been good to have had another "Deep Blue Sea," or that we should not have enjoyed Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier in some more portentous contribution to our drama than an occasional fairy-tale. But, for all that, why in the name of Thespis should we complain when we have both the present cheerfully-developed joke by one of our masters of light comedy, and three or four pieces of acting that must charm anybody in search of a carefree evening at the theatre? Mr. Rattigan did not say he was writing another "Deep Blue Sea." He said he was writing "The Sleeping Prince." We may as well thank him for it.

The Prince is, formally, His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Charles, Prince Regent of Carpathia. If you ask where Carpathia is, I have to admit that it is awkward to keep a map of the inner-circle Balkans in mind. Clearly, the simplest plan is to go to Ruritania and to change there. However, at the moment the Royal House of Carpathia is in London. When we reach the Phoenix we flick back to the Coronation June of 1911 and to the Carpathian Legation in Belgrave Square. There we discover King Nicholas the Eighth, who, being a minor, is under the guidance of his father, the Prince Regent. The Grand Duchess Charles is also at hand, immensely genial and inconsequential—we gather that her husband proposed to her because he wanted to strengthen the Austrian Trade Agreement—and

come to Belgrave Square to sup with the Prince Regent. She finds that, in this particular Regency, supper is another name for a solitary meal during which her host arranges diplomatic coups on the telephone.



"THE DRAMATIST, BRIDGET BOLAND, IS A WRITER OF DIGNITY WHO NEVER CHEAPENS HER THEME; BUT AFTER A TOUCHING FIRST ACT, WHEN THE NUN MAKES HER DECISION, THE PIECE THINS, BECOMES ODDLY UNDRAMATIC"; "THE RETURN" (DUCHESS THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE IN THE CONVENT PARLOUR WITH (L. TO R.) ANGELA SWITHIN (ANN WALFORD), PETER SWITHIN (PETER MARTYN), AGATHA FOSDYKE (FLORA ROBSON) AND THE CHAPLAIN (ERNEST JAY). MR. TREWIN SAYS: "FLORA ROBSON'S ACTING IS THE MAIN JUSTIFICATION OF THE NIGHT."

Later, it is the tale of Elaine in Wonderland. When she leaves the Legation thirty-six hours after arrival, she has not only the Royal Carpathian Order of Perseverance (whether first or second class finally, I am uncertain), but she has also set King Nicholas firmly on his throne and melted the heart of the solemn Prince Regent, Mr. Rattigan's sleeping Prince.

I began to think more and more of "Alice" as the evening flicked on. Early, it was obvious, the word rested with the King of Hearts: "If there's no meaning in it, that saves a world of trouble, you know, and we needn't try to find any."

A little later I was recalling the Duchess's: "You can't think how glad I am to see you again, my dear old thing." And at the end, only one possible comment: "The moral of it is, 'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!'" Certainly "The Sleeping Prince" goes round most pleasantly, if at times slowly: no doubt by now, the performance has been quickened.

It is happy to greet Rattigan again in this gently teasing mood. I dare say he will return to "The Deep Blue Sea" later; at the moment, he is reporting, for our

pleasure, the talk of the Grand Duchess Charles: she is convinced that the young actress, who seems always to be around the suite in a white gown, must be a personal friend of Sarah Bernhardt. (What other actresses are there?) Elaine manages to say "Oui" several times with the appropriate inflection: very well then, she must be a mistress of French. The Grand Duchess, in her benign way, takes most things for granted. She never hears what she does not want to hear. And mercifully she keeps calm. She would enjoy the comedy of "The Sleeping Prince," and I am sure she would not be ungrateful. Martita Hunt presents her creamily: I would have liked very much to have seen Her Imperial and Royal Highness when she acted Kent in an odd production of "King Lear" (it was nearly all in English, she assures us).

She is a genial decoration, a good-tempered Lady Bracknell; but the night turns on the Regent and on dear Elaine, who will think she has been sleep-walking when she wakes in her Brixton lodgings on the morning after the excitement is over. Vivien Leigh acts the young woman with a wholly delightful air of resigned surprise tinged with determination. And Sir Laurence Olivier's inventive subtleties as the harassed Regent, compelled to order his public and private lives according to protocol, will be recognised, I dare say, when it is accepted—as within a week or so it must be—that he is appearing not as Coriolanus or Mark Antony, but as a character in an "occasional fairy-tale" by Terence Rattigan: a character developed with the most artful finesse. The Royal Carpathian Legation (even Lady Bracknell must admit it) will be on the fashionable side of Belgrave Square for a long time ahead.

It is six months since I reviewed the Stratford-upon-Avon "Antony and Cleopatra." It is now at the Princes for a short London season, with Michael Redgrave and Peggy Ashcroft in "proud full sail" as the lovers of whom Octavius Cæsar will say at the last: "No grave upon the earth shall clip in it a pair so famous." It is a pity that the season is restricted: many who could not get to Stratford during the summer must want to watch this most resplendent of the tragedies as it is unfurled like a great gold banner.

Olivier, Leigh, Ashcroft, Redgrave . . . and at length, in this starred week, Flora Robson. I am sorry that her play, "The Return" (Duchess), does not fulfil itself: sorry because she brings all her



HIGH-SPEED CLOWNING AT THE PALACE THEATRE: A SCENE FROM GLENN MELVYN'S COMEDY "THE LOVE MATCH," IN WHICH THE BROWN FAMILY AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS LISTEN TO THE FOOTBALL MATCH ON THE RADIO. (L. TO R.) BILL BROWN (ARTHUR ASKEY), WALLY BINNS (GLENN MELVYN), MRS. BROWN (THORA HIRD), MRS. BINNS (BARBARA MILLER) AND ROSE BROWN (ANTHEA ASKEY).

various other important people wander in and out, among them the Archduchess Ferdinand of Styria (not very far from Carpathia), and the Princess Louisa, who will be uncommonly trying when she grows up. That is, if she is allowed to grow up: Styria, I am sure, has its insurrections.

It is, as Romeo says on another occasion, "a fair assembly," and it would have gone about its business more or less as usual if Elaine Dagenham had not appeared. The American musical-comedy actress, from a Gaiety piece, "The Coconut Girl," has



"TERENCE RATTIGAN AND HIS DISTINGUISHED CAST HAVE ACHIEVED TO THE LAST COMMA EVERYTHING THEY SET OUT TO DO": "THE SLEEPING PRINCE" (PHOENIX), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH THE GRAND DUKE CHARLES, PRINCE REGENT OF CARPATHIA (LAURENCE OLIVIER), INVISTS ELAINE DAGENHAM (VIVIEN LEIGH) WITH "THE ROYAL CARPATHIAN ORDER OF PERSEVERANCE, SECOND CLASS." THE GRAND DUCHESS CHARLES (MARTITA HUNT—RIGHT) AND THE BARONESS BRUNHEIM (DAPHNE NEWTON) LOOK ON.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" (Princes).—Since last May, Michael Redgrave and Peggy Ashcroft have brought their Stratford performances to remarkable maturity; and Glen Byam Shaw's production proves again that he is our contemporary master of this play. (November 4.)

"THE SLEEPING PRINCE" (Phoenix).—It is a light comedy, a theatrical bubble, an occasional "fairy-tale" (the author's description). If it is, most reasonably, taken in that way, and if the acting of Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier and of Martita Hunt (as a gracious Grand Duchess) is also taken at its true comedy value, it will be agreed that Terence Rattigan and his distinguished cast have achieved to the last comma everything they set out to do. (November 5.)

"THE RETURN" (Duchess).—Bridget Boland's play, called "Journey to Earth" when it was broadcast, has come to the stage with a strong first act; but it wanes when the nun who, after nearly four decades, has left her convent, is trying to get on terms with the world outside. Flora Robson's acting is the main justification of the night. (November 9.)

sympathy to a nun who, after nearly forty years, seeks the world again. The dramatist, Bridget Boland, is a writer of dignity who never cheapens her theme; but after a touching first act, when the nun makes her decision, the piece thins, becomes oddly undramatic. We are less interested in Sister Agatha when she is out in the world than when she is still on the edge of her enclosed community. Somewhere here a play is lost: we should make the most of the one telling act and of Miss Robson's integrity.



# THE OPENING OF "SAVE THE ABBEY" WEEK, AND CEREMONIES IN LONDON AND ADDIS ABABA.



"IT IS FITTING THAT THEIR MEMORIAL SHOULD BE CHERISHED IN THESE ISLANDS": THE CEREMONY OF THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TO THE FALLEN OF THE FREE FRENCH AT BROOKWOOD CEMETERY. On November 14 a memorial to the fallen in the Free French section of Brookwood Cemetery was unveiled by Field Marshal Lord Alexander of Tunis. The memorial is of white stone bearing inscribed plaques. Representatives of the Armed Forces and Governments of Great Britain and France were present, and Lord Alexander, Sir Ian Fraser, and Mr. Randolph Churchill (representing the Prime Minister) greeted M. Mutter, French Minister of Ex-Servicemen and the Minister for Vietnam. A message from Sir Winston Churchill was read in praise of those commemorated, of whom he wrote: "It is fitting that their memorial should be cherished in these islands."



LORD ALEXANDER INSPECTING THE STANDARD-BEARERS AT THE REMEMBRANCE PARADE OF JEWISH EX-SERVICEMEN.

On November 15 about six thousand people, men and women, gathered from all parts of the country, to take part in the Remembrance Parade of Jewish ex-Service men and women on Horse Guards Parade. A service was held and the parade inspected by the Minister of Defence, Field Marshal Lord Alexander. At the annual rally in the evening following, some 10,000 members of the Association were present and they were addressed by Mr. Head, the Secretary of State for War.



INAUGURATING THE "SAVE THE ABBEY" WEEK: CANONS AND CLERGY OF WESTMINSTER IN CORONATION VESTMENTS IN PROCESSION.

On November 15 a special service was held in Westminster Abbey to inaugurate "Save the Abbey" Week. The service was preceded by a procession of the Abbey clergy in their Coronation vestments round Parliament Square, accompanied by the Metropolitan Mayors. At the service the Dean read the



DR. DON, THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, SITTING OUTSIDE THE ABBEY TO RECEIVE GIFTS ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE APPEAL WEEK.



THE PROCESSION WHICH OPENED THE APPEAL: DR. DON, THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, FOLLOWED BY LORD HALIFAX.

Appeal issued by the Prime Minister, saying: "There speaks the greatest Englishman of our time. Let us take him at his word and 'go to it.'" The goal of £1,000,000 had been not quite half-reached and the appeal, with a time limit of the end of the year, was intensified.



LORD MOUNTBATTEN'S VISIT TO ADDIS ABABA: AFTER DINNER WITH THE EMPEROR ON NOVEMBER 9. (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN, PRINCESS AIDA, THE EMPRESS, THE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE, AND EARL MOUNTBATTEN.

On November 7 Admiral Lord Mountbatten and Lady Mountbatten arrived by air at Addis Ababa, with Mr. C. O. I. Ramsden, Chargé d'Affaires in Ethiopia, and the Duke of Harar, second son of the Emperor Haile Selassie. On the following day Lord Mountbatten laid wreaths in the British military cemetery. On November 9 they returned from a visit to the Ethiopian spa, Ambo, and went to the Imperial Palace, where they were received by their Majesties, Lord Mountbatten and his party then going to the residence of the Ethiopian Crown Prince.



AFTER OPENING THE CYCLE AND MOTOR-CYCLE SHOW AT EARLS COURT: MR. EDEN, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, INSPECTING ONE OF THE EXHIBITS ON VIEW.

On November 14 Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary, opened the twenty-eighth Cycle and Motor-cycle Show at Earls Court and inspected the exhibits. At a Press conference on the preceding day Mr. J. Y. Gangster, president of the British Cycle and Motor-cycle Manufacturers' Union, revealed that about three million bicycles are being produced each year, two million of which are exported.





THE WIDESPREAD HABIT OF GIVING GIFTS, IN COURTSHIP AND PLAY, IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM: SOME

The giving of gifts and especially on ceremonial occasions, has long been accepted as a human prerogative, or, at least, as an action peculiarly human. The more we study the ways of the higher animals the more we find mirrored the ways of man, especially of those belonging to the intuitive levels of conduct. Few things illustrate this better than the widespread habit of making presents. Commonly believed that the female spider kills her mate after pairing, but this has now been established as a fallacy. In the spider world, as in the human world, the male gives a gift to the female. In the case of the spider, this is the "Animal Courtship." Dr. Maurice Burton describes how the male of at least one species avoids this fate by presenting his prospective mate with a fly wrapped

in silk. While she is intent on unwrapping the parcel, he pairs with her. Sometimes he may have her merely a bundle of silk, which keeps her occupied just the same. By one of those odd coincidences, the same strategy is employed by the small but rapacious Empid flies, when to the swindle of the empty bundle of silk. The final explanation of these acts is still a mystery, and whether it has anything to do with the gift-giving of higher animals is unknown. It seems as if the gift-giving may have merely served the growth of an animal's behavior, or, to use the more arid scientific language, the development of neuro-muscular tensions. In the more intelligent animals, where play is a prominent

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

EXAMPLES OF OFFERINGS WHICH MIRROR AN ACTION COMMONLY REGARDED AS PECULIARLY HUMAN.

feature of the young, the proffering of a gift is often the preliminary to a romp and in the fullness of adult stature, when the peak of emotional behaviour, the courtship, is reached, and especially where the union of the sexes leads to a lifelong fidelity, it becomes almost a normal constituent of day-to-day behaviour. We are apt to regard many things human beings do as rational acts when, in fact, they are instinctive or intuitive. This is because we are prone to think of ourselves as rational creatures, and we think of the giving of gifts may sometimes be rational, having a practical basis, but more commonly it is impulsive and, especially, symbolical. We mark our anniversaries and our

feast days by the exchange of gifts; but seldom does the impulse reach a higher peak than when we pay court. In the same way, we find symbolical giving among the higher animals. The raven presents a stick to his mate, a signal that nest-building shall begin. A rook presents a thoughtful of food to his hen; the robin presents grubs. A pair of created grebes will indulge in a reciprocal symbolical giving, each offering the other, in a stereotyped ritual, gifts which can not be accepted. Robins, too, are accompanied by a display of excitement, with a fluttering of wings or the raising of feathers. They are signals for the communication of a particular mood or emotion.

ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CHINESE PORCELAIN IN MINIATURE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SOMETHING very much out of the ordinary is announced for the end of the year—an exhibition of Chinese Blue and White Porcelain from its very beginnings down to to-day, or, at least, yesterday. The show is to be held at the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square, and is the offspring of a very sensible marriage of convenience between the Oriental Ceramic Society and the Arts Council, the former partner providing the exhibits and the expertise, the latter the gallery and the catalogue. These O.C.S. shows, to which the public are invited, were always admirably staged when they were arranged in the Society's basement; in their more spacious surroundings they will be doubly impressive.

Meanwhile, not having heard or seen of any exhibition of Chinese art for months, I suddenly ran into one at Bluett's which, as far as I know, was unheralded and unsung—and I only stumbled across it by chance during its last week, while I was enjoying a day or two in London on what I call a debarbarisation course. This was hardly an exhibition in the formal sense of the word, though, to be sure, there was a catalogue and the objects were arranged together. It was perhaps more of an informal tribute to Mr. A. L. Hetherington, to whom every amateur of Chinese ceramics is in debt for his collaboration with the late R. L. Hobson in "The Art of the Chinese Potter," and for his own books, "The Early Ceramic Wares of China" and "Chinese Ceramic Glazes." The exhibits were his own collection—fifty-four items—gathered together over many years, several well known from his own books and from previous exhibitions, and remarkable for their superlative quality and small size—indeed, the whole scale was miniature. I should like to give some indication of its quality by talking about a few pieces which I think even in a monochrome reproduction betray their noble origin.

As the years pass, one's likes and dislikes are liable to become more and more fossilised, but I hope no one will accuse me of laying down the law in matters of taste in what follows—I don't in the least ask anyone to agree with me. I merely state what has happened to myself and to many of my acquaintances. We go about the world with (we hope and believe) our eyes open, and we see and enjoy all kinds of things, from sunrises to objects made by man, and we marvel at the Parthenon and at the Wilton Diptych and at Ely Cathedral and at a Constable sky and at an old woman by Rembrandt or Cézanne, and we do our best not to laugh too heartily at some curious modern aberrations in paint and stone and metal, and then we suddenly come upon a small

bowl like Fig. 5, and we very nearly fall backwards. True enough, there is something in circumstance—in this case, coming in from a busy, noisy street, and seeing the thing, as it were, outside time—but that's a common experience, after all, this contrast between the workaday world and the world of contemplation. What a profound truth there is in the old chestnut of the man who explained why he was beating his head against a brick wall by saying that the pleasure of not beating it after

enough, a good deal of their virtue resides in their colour. The little vase of Fig. 3, height only 3½ ins. and made for a single flower-spray, is covered with a ruby-red glaze, not the smooth polished glaze of modern commercial practice, but slightly—very slightly—speckled (if that is the word), so that the reflected lights are soft. Early eighteenth-century. The flattened circular brush-washer of Fig. 1 bears the mark of the reign of the Emperor K'ang Hsi (1662-1722), and is of that deeper red which is called, with singular lack of imagination, though accurately enough, "ox-blood"—*sang-de-bœuf*. If you find that description too revolting, you can call this characteristic K'ang Hsi colour "cherry-red" and be equally accurate. The photograph shows the crazing very well. The glaze is very admirably controlled and stops evenly at the foot, which is by no means always the case even in pieces as fine as this—it often spreads over the foot in little blobs of deep red.

Again I draw your attention to the small size: the diameter is only 4½ ins. Fig. 2 perhaps is not to the taste of everyone, and indeed it is heavy, squat and clumsy by comparison. But the photograph does not—indeed, cannot—do it justice. You must accept the shape, please, which is strange to us, as having been imposed by virtuous ancestors—this is a bronze form already sacrosanct for at least 1500 years before it was translated into a miniature piece of pottery during the T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618-906)—and miniature it is, 2½ ins. in height. It marks the beginning of colour in Chinese ceramics, and its variegated deep yellow and blue glazes are a delight to the eye.

Then there is Fig. 4, upon which the maker, or someone, has (I think, unfortunately) gilded the lily by providing it with a chased silver mount and silver stand. But, to be sure, this criticism is a personal quirk, so take no notice of it. The pleasure I find in this thing is derived from, first, its lovely proportions, and, secondly, from the quality of its glaze, which, like that of Fig. 5, looks white in the illustration, but has, in fact, a slightly bluish tinge—a very pale lavender which Europeans classify as *clair-de-lune*, and which is perhaps a version of the Chinese ideograph meaning "moon white." I think these five pieces give a fairly accurate idea of the quality of the exhibition, if not of its range. Those who were fortunate enough to see it will also remember the effect produced by the variety of colour in these small and almost jewel-like objects—deep black with a greenish tinge, flambé (that is, red with purple streaks), brilliant turquoise, misty blue, leaf-green, pale lemon yellow, celadon, ivory white, dark olive green, dappled brown—but there is no end to these subtle distinctions. It was a most unusual and distinguished little show.



FIG. 1. WITH *sang-de-bœuf* GLAZE STOPPING EVENLY AT THE FOOT: A BRUSH-WASHER OF FLATTENED GLOBULAR FORM. MARK AND PERIOD K'ANG HSI (1662-1722). (Diameter, 4½ ins.)

The glaze on this *sang-de-bœuf* brush-washer "is admirably controlled and stops evenly at the foot, which is by no means always the case even in pieces as fine as this—it often spreads over the foot in little blobs of deep red." The crazing is well shown in the photograph.



FIG. 2. A TRIPOD VESSEL, WITH VARIEGATED DEEP YELLOW AND BLUE GLAZES: T'ANG PERIOD (A.D. 618-906). (Height, 2½ ins.)

Frank Davis, who discusses the Hetherington collection of old Chinese porcelain on this page, writes of this piece: "It marks the beginning of colour in Chinese ceramics, and its variegated deep yellow and blue glazes are a delight to the eye."



FIG. 3. AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PIECE: A BOTTLE-SHAPED VASE WITH RUBY-RED GLAZE. (Height, 3½ ins.)

This beautiful early eighteenth-century vase is covered with a ruby-red glaze, "slightly—very slightly—speckled (if that is the word), so that the reflected lights are soft."

a while was well worth the initial pain. However, art is something more than an escape from reality—it shows us what reality can be.

And what's all this leading up to? Nothing at all, except to tell you how it is that I and some of my friends still manage to love this sometimes alarming world for its bright spots, of which this, to my way of thinking, is one. This bowl is of the ware known as Ying Ch'ing, of the Sung period (A.D. 960-1279) and in the form of a stylised lotus. Its name is a Chinese invention, but none the worse for that; "shadow blue" is the translation, and the words are expressive enough, though they might perhaps be taken to mean a deep blue: in fact, the ware is near-white, with a bluish or bluey-green tone, which is more noticeable in the hollows where the glaze has run thick. It is a colour of extraordinary delicacy, and when allied to so graceful a shape, looks distinguished in any company, and, if placed near later many-coloured porcelains, can make some of them appear decidedly *parvenu*.

A bowl of this sort lends itself remarkably well to the camera's eye; you will perhaps experience a little more difficulty in sharing my appreciation of Figs. 1 and 3 because, though their shapes are clear



FIG. 4. WITH A CHASED SILVER MOUNT AND SILVER STAND: AN AMPHORA WITH *clair-de-lune* GLAZE. MARK AND PERIOD K'ANG HSI (1662-1722). (Height, 6½ ins.)

This vase is notable for its lovely proportions and for the quality of its glaze, known as *clair-de-lune*, which is actually a very pale lavender.



FIG. 5. IN THE FORM OF A STYLISED LOTUS ON HIGH FOOT: A YING CH'ING BOWL OF THE SUNG PERIOD (A.D. 960-1279). (Diameter, 4½ ins.)

"Shadow blue" is the translation of the Chinese words "Ying Ch'ing," and the ware is actually "near-white, with a bluish or bluey-green tone, more noticeable in the hollows where the glaze has run thick."



# VERSAILLES IN BOOKS AND PICTURES: AN UNUSUAL LONDON EXHIBITION.



BOUND IN RED MOROCCO, INLAID WITH RED AND SILVER FOIL UNDER TALC, WITH THE ARMS OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE AS QUEEN PAINTED UNDER TALC: ALMANACH ROYAL ANNÉE 1778. (Lent by Mr. J. A. de Rothschild.)

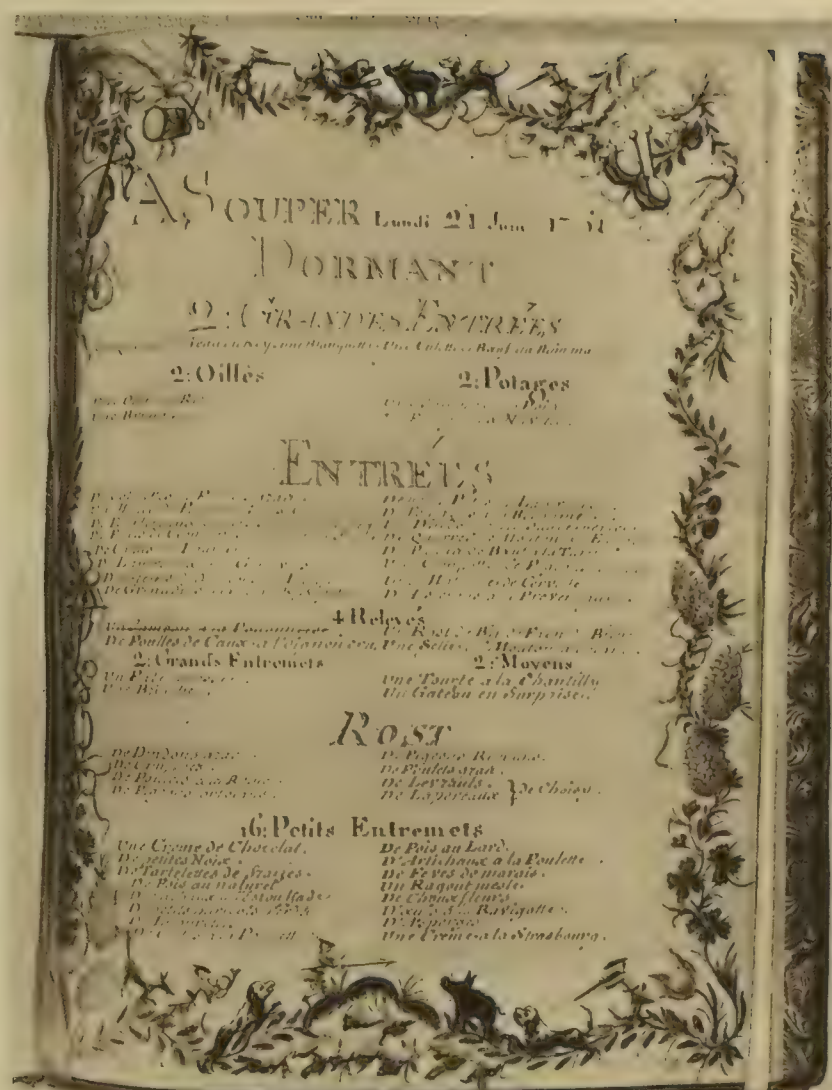


VICE, BRACE AND BIT OF LOUIS XVI. THIS VICE, ORIGINALLY GILDED, WAS FORGED AND POLISHED BY THE KING HIMSELF. HE USED IT FOR THE EXERCISE OF HIS ONE GREAT HOBBY AS A LOCKSMITH. (Lent by the Chateau of Versailles.)



AFTER THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION "VERSAILLES IN BOOKS AND PICTURES" AT THE NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE: H.E. THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, M. MASSIGLI.

A National Book Exhibition, "Versailles; the Chateau and its History in Books and Pictures," arranged by Mr. Desmond Flower with the co-operation of M. René Varin, Cultural Counsellor of the French Embassy, was opened last week at 7, Albemarle Street, by M. André Cornu, French Secretary of State for Fine Arts. In the central gallery are views of the chateau and documents concerned with its construction, and the other rooms contain books and objects connected



A ROYAL MENU: A PAGE FROM A MS. VOLUME VOYAGES DU ROI AU CHATEAU DE CHOISY AVEC LES LOGEMENTS DE LA COUR ET LES MENUS DE LA TABLE DE SA MAJESTÉ. ANNÉE 1751. (Lent by the Chateau de Versailles.)



HOW MARIE-ANTOINETTE CHOSE THE DRESSES SHE WOULD WEAR EVERY DAY: A PAGE FROM LA GAZETTE DES ATOURS LA REINE, WHICH CONTAINED PATTERNS OF HER DRESSES. (Lent by the Archives Nationales.)

with the seventeenth century, *Le Grand Siècle*, and the eighteenth century, ending with the Revolution. One of the most touching exhibits is the page from the MS. book in which Marie-Antoinette had mounted a pattern of the material of every dress made for her, in which every morning she marked which dresses she would wear. The MS. volume containing the Royal menus set out is the only example known. The charming borders are in water-colour.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NOVELS are easiest to write about when they make no impression; then, one need only find something to say. But when there really is something to say, and, worst of all, when the impressions coincide with the experience, panic is apt to start. One can't put over a whole book, and it seems possible that nothing will get through at all. What I should wish to say about "The Go-Between," by L. P. Hartley (Hamish Hamilton; 11s.), is, "Now look at that!" It is so marvellously done; it is, in fact, a lesson on what can be done. The author's aim is to combine richness and direction. He gives the utmost quality to every scene, loads every rift with ore—and yet at every moment he is going somewhere. Not only that; each scene is not merely intense but captivating. He employs only luxury materials: magic, romance, high comedy, transfiguration and despair.

Because the action has a rendezvous with fate, it can sustain the charm. Yet, though a tragic narrative all through—though it ends badly from the first, and even frightfully in the long run—it is not painful but delicious. Nothing could be more apposite to the Baconian rule: "We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye."

This time the author has returned to childhood, as to a magic source. And so has Leo, the narrator. He is now sixty-odd, and it is more than half-a-century since he retired from life. The spring broke on a July day, in the year 1900, at Brandham Hall; it was his thirteenth birthday, and it finished him. Now he is looking back for the first time. Before that fatal and celestial year, he was a tough, resilient little schoolboy, prone to fantastic dreams, but knowing just where he stood in the real world. Then he was asked to stay with his friend Maudsley. He was translated to the Zodiac. For Brandham Hall did not connect with the real world; this was the world of his imagination, peopled with heavenly bodies in ascending scale. Even the weather was a dream of heat. Everyone laughed at him at first, for he had no light clothes. Then Marian Maudsley ("My sister Marian is very beautiful") fitted him out in Lincoln green, gave him the freedom of the heat, and raised him up to be a small, indubitable planet. Some of the "messages" were from Lord Trimmingham, a genuine and charming viscount with a damaged face. But there were others, between Marian and the young farmer Ted. These were dead secret and mysterious; they were his pride and joy; then, by some queer transition, they became an incubus. He never really understood about them, but he tried to stop. He tried to run away. Then he tried cleverness—and that was fatal. Here I have simply indicated the direction. Without the subtlety and richness, it is very bare.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Second Happiest Day," by John Phillips (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), invites the epithet of "worthy." Almost aspires to it, indeed; and may be thought to have provoked it, as a just revenge for such a desperately long novel. But at the same time it is worthy. The author has intelligence and talent; only he seems weighed down by consciousness of being the son of John P. Marquand, and by a fixed resolve to "do for the present post-war generation in America what Scott Fitzgerald did for his." This artificial aim appears all through "a novel compact of the most absorbing detail, a full-size rendering of one aspect of American life." I quote the jacket to be fair; and "full-size rendering" is fair enough. The author sticks to a small world—that of the "private school," the smart set at the university, the idle fashionable young—but *en revanche*, the scale of his map is a mile to the mile. And he abounds in references to the past. Always we have the Old Man in the background, whether alive or dead, zombie or ghost from the Great Age. George Marsh's father has destroyed himself; he was lost, gilded and Fitzgerald in a supreme degree. "Baby" is still around, and still indomitably marrying. And George is only a good boy with an uneasy conscience. He feels that times have changed, and somehow privilege is a bad mark, yet he can only live as he was bred. And so he tries to compensate with "loyalty," *noblesse oblige*, and strong devotion to the rules. He is a king at school, begins to slip at Harvard, enjoys a come-back in the war (once he is sheltered by commissioned rank) and ever afterwards is a spent force. In English fiction, where we have often seen his like, he would be less pathetically handled. Here he is eminently touching, worthy of a shorter book.

"The Seas South," by S. B. Hough (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), might be designed to put one off. And yet it is a splendid story of escape—escape from anti-hill anonymity to the fierce freedom of the sea. Scorton has been a yacht captain before the war. Now there is no one to employ him; so he resolves to sail for his own hand, with any amateurs he can scrape up. The first adventure is still-born, for though the Colbys dreamed escape, they have no stomach for it. Next time he has a crew of four: a plain, frustrated typist, a drunken steward, a Hyde Park orator, and a young gentleman at large. Jane is the first on board; she is determined to be mate, and she alone is the right stuff. Yet it is she who splits the crew and drives the captain to extremities.

This tale exceeds its promise; it has not only vigour and romance, but real intensity and power. But it has also the most maddening technique.

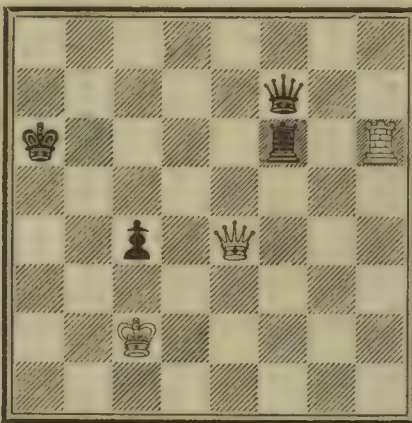
"While the Coffin Waited," by Juanita Sheridan (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), owes most of its appeal to the Hawaiian background. Janice, who tells the story, is an island girl, speaking Hawaiian fluently. So when Don Farnham vanishes from Maui, just as his two-months bride was coming home, and when a native lad babbles that "something dreadful" is afoot, she feels obliged to cope and gets on the next plane. On Maui, the boy is dead, Don is reported lost out fishing, and an unpleasant cousin and his wife are trying to take over the ranch. Janice and Lily Wu, her Chinese friend, support the quavering young bride and ultimately get on to the "dreadful" thing, which, as they guessed, is of peculiarly Hawaiian origin. Quite a good story, with the novelty to aid.

## CHESS NOTES.

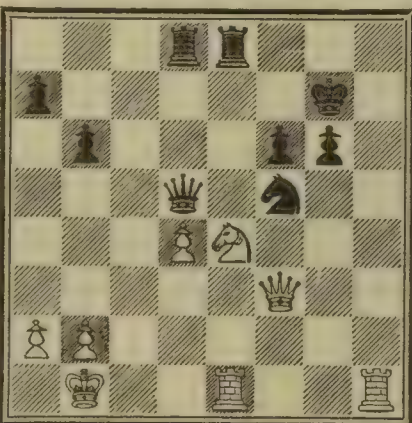
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CAN you stand another excursion into geometry? I promise you, the positions are as pretty as last week's.

The first is reached towards the end of an end-game composition by Henri Rinck. Can you find the move by White which utterly confounds Black now?



The second is a geometrical comedy of many years ago.



White sees, or thinks he sees, a chance of immortality.

1. R-R7ch K×R
2. Kt×Pch K-Kt2

White, about to grab Black's queen in triumph, suddenly notices that, after 3. Kt×Q, his own would follow her into the grave: 3... R×Rch; 4. K-B2, Kt×Pch and 5... Kt×Q. Horror turns to relief as he finds there is alternative continuation:

3. Kt×Rch

Being *check*, this gives Black no time to take the white queen with his own. And Black's rook is needed to protect his queen... but

3. R×Kt!

... and horror finally prevails...

4. Q×Q R×Rch
5. K-B2 Kt-K6ch
6. K-Q2 Kt×Q...

... and Black wins the game.

In our first diagram, try 1. Q-B5 and you will find that Black has nothing better than 1... R×R; 2. Q×Q, which eventually loses. A quaint cross-pin motif.

NOT 1. Q-B4, which allows 1... Q-R2ch, drawing! All as crazy as delicious.

## THE U.S.A. AND BRITAIN.

IT would have been a bold man who, in the early years of the nineteenth century, would have prophesied that a tall, gangling, powerful youth on the Indiana frontier would one day become the greatest President of the United States, and the architect of the most decisive victory in the history of America. "Abraham Lincoln," by Benjamin P. Thomas (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.), is an admirable account of the development of an uncouth young tough into a great man whose words have enriched the English language, and whose deeds set a standard of nobility of conduct for a great nation which endures to-day. Like many frontiersmen, the Lincoln family was intensely poor, but out of poverty and hardship the future President learnt the art of appealing through simplicity to the majority of his fellow-citizens. In his early years as a lawyer and a politician in Illinois, there was little to indicate either future greatness or, indeed, that he would ever become more than a not particularly scrupulous small-town politician. But still waters run deep, and the young man who insisted on working every problem out for himself was steadily, if slowly, maturing. Nevertheless, Lincoln's Presidency was almost an accident, and there were at least two occasions in his political career when it seemed that it was finished. It was fortunate—if one may indulge in an under-statement—for the North that this was not so. It would, I suppose, be untrue to say that Sir Winston Churchill alone saved us from defeat in 1940. Nevertheless, defeat could not have been avoided without him. In the same way, the North could never have won, even in spite of its overwhelming superiority in men and resources—20,000,000 population to 6,000,000—without the tenacity and the lofty idealism of the President. Mr. Thomas gives us a fascinating picture of how slowly Lincoln—always at heart a conservative—moved on the subject of slavery. Although he was personally deeply moved by the sight of slaves being offered for sale, or runaways being reclaimed, he had no original intention of seeing that slavery was abolished in those States where it was a long-established institution. If the South had only had the sense to compromise on the subject of slavery in the new territories, the Civil War would never have taken place, and the ruin of the South would not have been accomplished. Throughout his life, Lincoln was in favour of compromise except where a matter of high principle was involved. Then he was inflexible. The tall, sad man, nagged at by an impossible wife, was oppressed by the appalling losses on both sides in a terrible war. His generals were incompetent, his politicians corrupt. He found himself, who was so essentially a man of peace and a civilian, involved in military strategy, and becoming, in fact, as well as in name, the Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces. This book—human, scholarly and definitive—should be read by all who are interested in Anglo-American relations. For Lincoln was something more than a great President. In his life and character he epitomises much that is essential and all that is most noble in the great people he compelled into unity.

An interesting and curious book which should also prove illuminating to British readers interested in the United States is "The Great Frontier," by Walter Prescott Webb (Secker and Warburg; 30s.). For us, as Mr. Prescott Webb points out, a European frontier means a sharply dividing line delimiting the boundaries of a State. For the American, the word frontier means something quite different. "The American thinks of the frontier as lying *within* and not at the edge of a country. It is not a line to stop at, but an *area* inviting entrance." ... "Inherent in the American concept of a moving frontier is the idea of a body of free land which can be had for the taking." Mr. Prescott Webb develops the thesis of the effect of this "frontier concept" from Columbus' arrival in the New World to the beginning of the twentieth century, when there was no more land to be settled. It is an interesting and unusual interpretation of world history in the light of this theory, and while not everyone will go all the way with the author, the book is both stimulating and readable.

Nothing could be more utterly different from the boisterous anti-traditional attitude of an American frontiersman than that of an English High Court Judge. For those who have a taste for sharp contrast, I recommend "A Book of Trials," by Sir Travers Humphreys (Heinemann; 15s.). Its attraction lies in the spare austerity with which this great lawyer recounts the many trials in which he has taken part either as counsel or as the presiding judge. These range from the trials of Crippen, George Joseph Smith of "the Brides in the Bath" case, and Oscar Wilde, to the more recent case of John George Haigh, who nearly got away with a perfect murder. Not all the trials recounted here are gruesome or dramatic. Some are strange, and some have a humorous dénouement, as in the case of the mad and deaf old man on whom, however, owing to the verdict of the jury, Sir Travers had to pass formal sentence of death. Anybody who reads this book will set it down with a fresh respect for the shrewd and kindly dispensers of justice who make up the Bench.

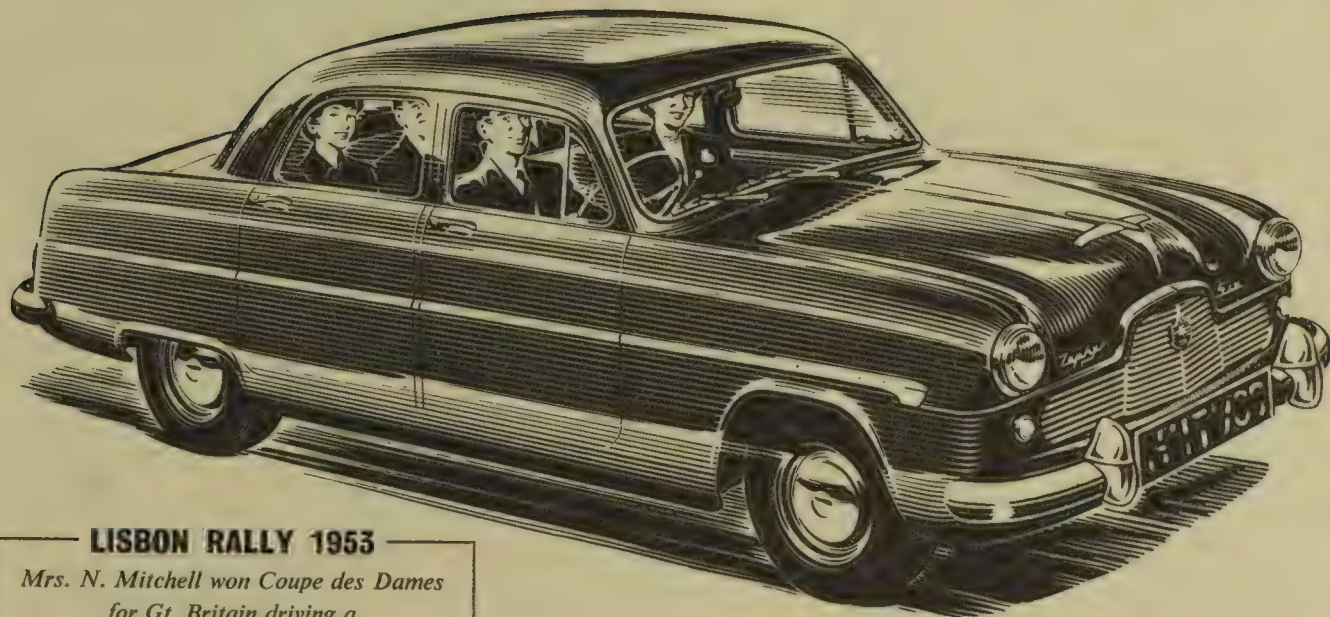
To complete a mixed bag of contrasts, there is "Above Us the Waves," by C. E. T. Warren and James Benson (Harrap; 15s.). On January 18, 1942, Sir Winston Churchill sent a minute to General Ismay which ran: "Please report what is being done to emulate the exploits of the Italians in Alexandria harbour and similar methods of this kind. At the beginning of the war, Colonel Jefferis had a number of bright ideas on this subject, which received very little encouragement. Is there any reason why we should be incapable of the same kind of scientific aggressive action that the Italians have shown? One would have thought we should have been in the lead. Please state the exact position." This book is the story of how Sir Winston Churchill's wishes were carried out, and how the midget submarines and human torpedoes, which did so much execution in the later stages of the war, were developed and operated. It is a story of great gallantry and ingenuity told with light-hearted zest. The crews of X-craft and Chariots will find it a worthy memorial, and the general reader will see in it a worthy addition to the history of adventure and of the "little wars" within the Great War, which gave so much scope to British skill, inventiveness and courage.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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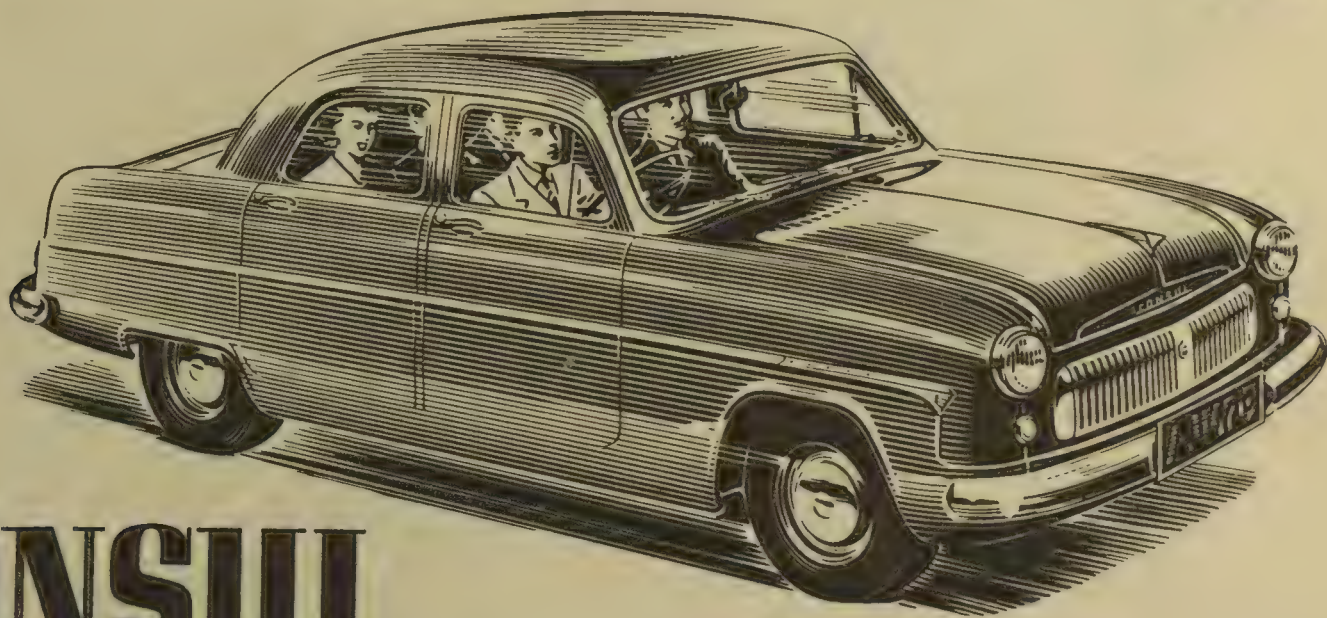


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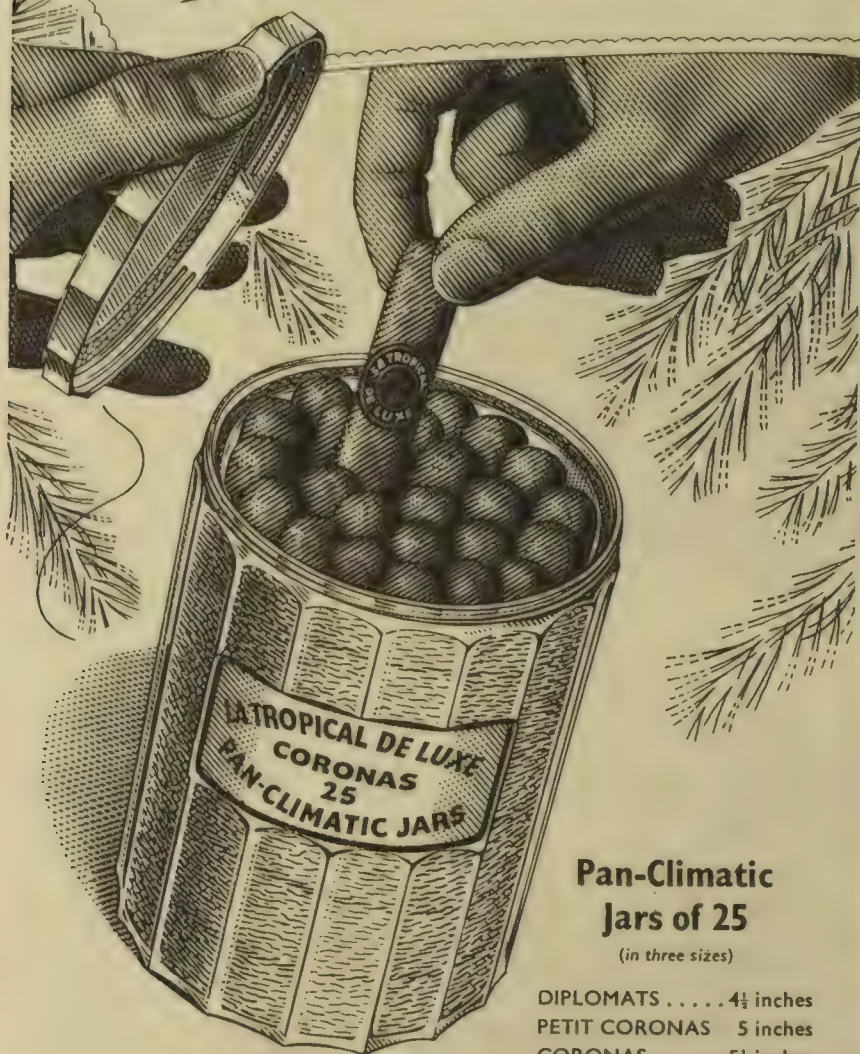


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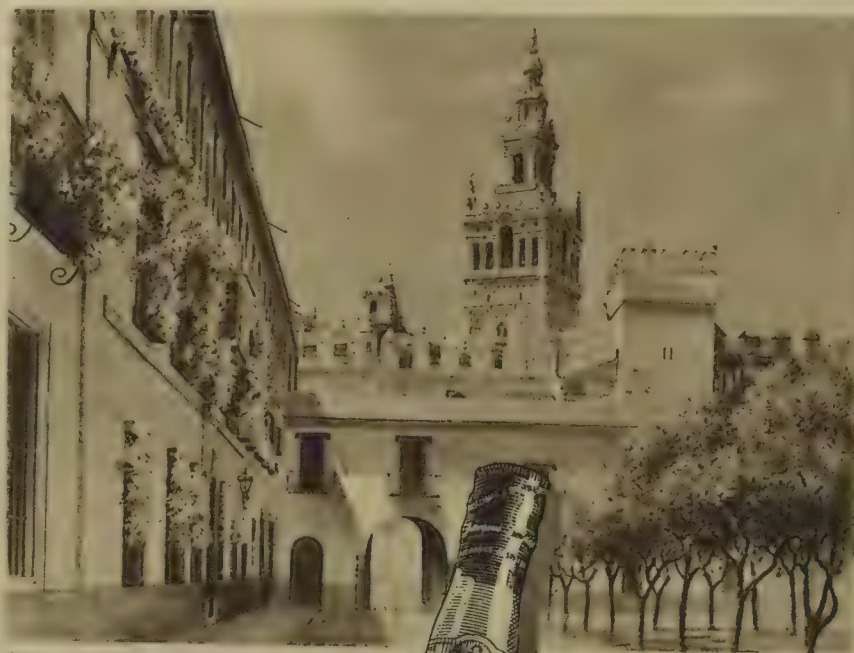
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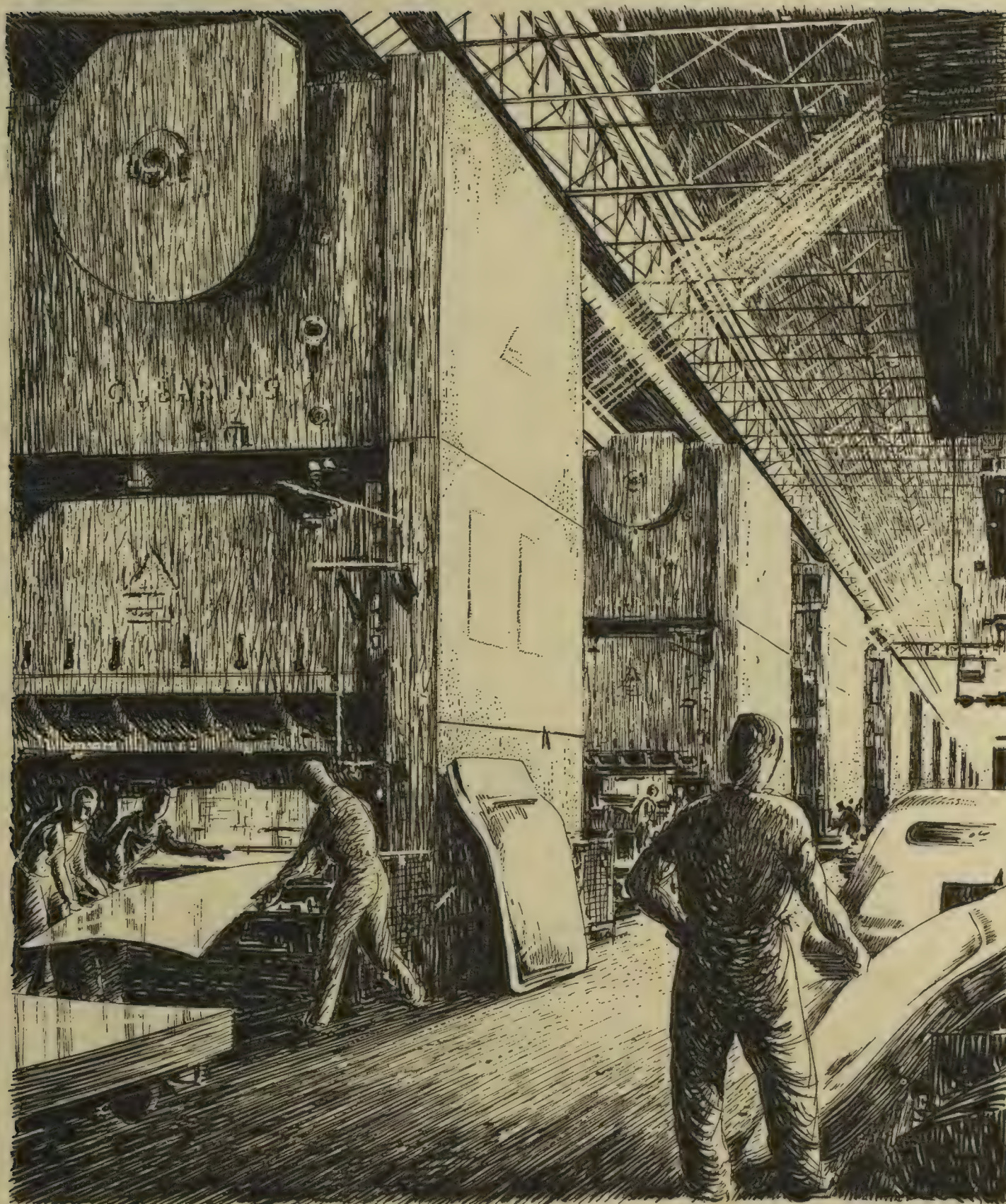
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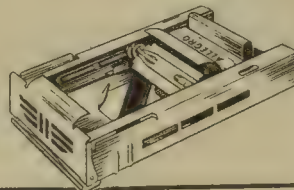
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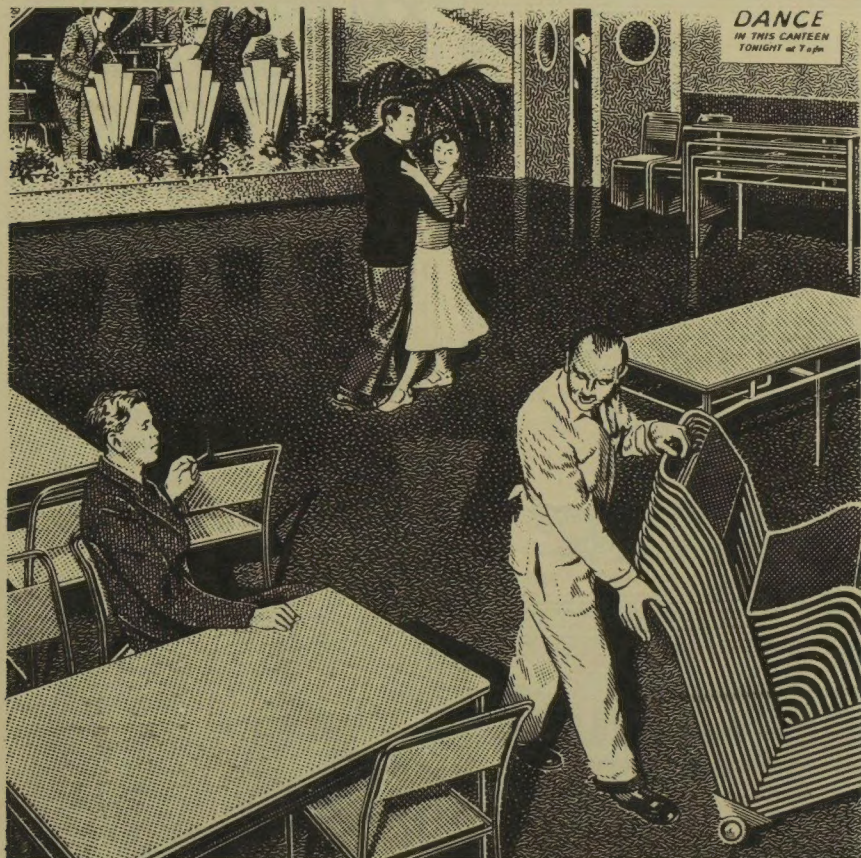
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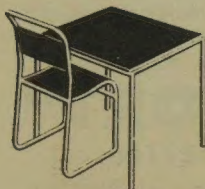
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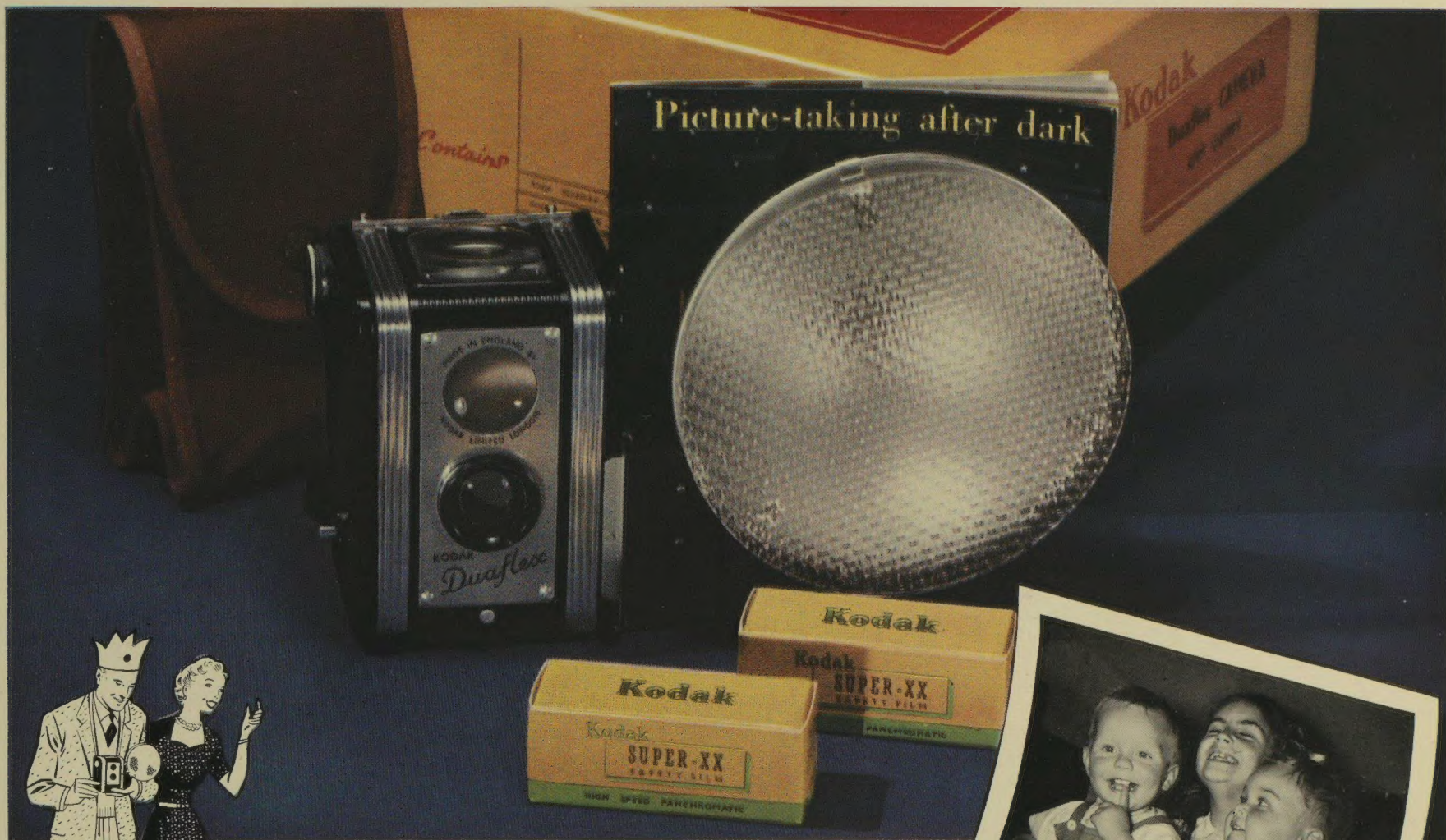
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